The Outlook

SEPTEMBER 18, 1918

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Three articles relating to three widely different phases of the war will appear in The Outlook next week: In "The War Costs and the War Debt" Mr. Theodore H. Price discusses questions relating to National expenditure; in "Across South Africa in War Time" Mr. Gregory Mason, the staff correspondent of The Outlook, describes South Africa's patriotic efforts for the war; in "What You Want to Know About Our Army in France" Dr. Odell, who has been the special correspondent of The Outlook in France, answers definitely and directly the very questions that are being asked by relatives and friends of our soldiers abroad. These three articles will make the forthcoming issue of The Outlook a notable one in its direct reflection of war conditions.

THE WEEK

THE GOVERNMENT-RAILROAD CONTRACT

The final step is about to be made in the taking over of the steam railway properties of the United States by the Government in pursuance of the President's proclamation of the first of January last. This step is the signing of a contract between the United States Railroad Administration and the corporations owning the railways. The questions that have been so much debated in the negotiation of this contract are highly complicated, and it is hardly necessary to discuss them at length. But the main points at issue between the railway corporations and the Government may be stated in simple terms, as follows:

Under the law the Government has taken over the railways, agreeing to pay to their owners as rental an annual sum equal to the average net operating income as reported to the Inter-State Commerce Commission for the three years ending June 30, 1917. The net operating income of a railway is what is left after the operating expenses and taxes have been paid out of the gross earnings of the railway. This rental for their properties the railway corporations have practically accepted without demur; but there are two points in the proposed contract to which many of the corporations, and especially a protective committee representing the holders of railway securities, have strenuously objected. The Government insists that necessary permanent improvements to a railway shall be paid by the railway itself out of the proceeds of securities which it shall sell, charging the same to its capital account; or, if the railway prefers, the Government will pay for the improvements and betterments and deduct the cost from the amount of rental. The railways ask that the Government shall sell securities of the railways sufficient to make the necessary improvements, claiming that in many instances the railways have no market for additional bonds. Let us suppose that the New York, New Haven, and Hartford Railroad wishes to build a bridge at New London, costing a million dollars. The Government says that it will build the bridge, but that the road must sell a million dollars' worth of bonds to provide the funds, or that it will deduct the million dollars from the amount due the road in rentals. The roads ask to be relieved of the burden of selling such bonds, on the ground that in war time the Government can find a market for such securities when the private corporation cannot.

The other point at issue has been the right of the railways to sue the Government at the conclusion of the rental period for any loss of traffic or good will that they may suffer owing to the policy of the Railroad Administration during the time that it has controlled their properties. When the roads are returned to their private owners, the Pennsylvania Railroad, for instance, might say to the Government, "We have for many years been laboriously building up a profitable freight and passenger traffic. You have diverted much of this passenger and freight traffic to other railways, and therefore the earning power of our corporation has been decreased, and we shall ask the courts to decide how much we are to be reimbursed for the injury."

Mr. McAdoo has insisted that the right to bring such a suit should be expressly waived in the contract. He has maintained that if the Government had not taken over the railways at the time it did many of them would have been entirely bankrupted by the experience of the past six months, and that no conceivable damage by diversion or modification of their traffic can equal the advantages of a Government guarantee of net earnings. He also insists that any conceivable loss of business owing to a rearrangement of traffic would be the result of a war measure, for the consequences of which the Government should not be held responsible. At the present writing the indications are that the railway corporations will patriotically accept the contract as offered, and the opinion of many well-informed financiers is that they will not suffer in so doing.

There is a third contingency which has not been referred to either by the Government or the railways in their debates, but to which it is not inappropriate to allude. If Government control of our inter-State railways should turn out to be permanent, as many economists think it will, the difficulties as to betterments and traffic damage anticipated by the railway corporations will not arise. For the Government will take over the properties in fee simple as owner, paying for them outright in some manner to be agreed upon, probably in the form of Government bonds. This contingency has been foreseen by some of the most astute of the railway managers themselves. President Ripley, of the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fé Railway, if we remember correctly, some years ago suggested that this was the necessary and desirable solution of the railway problem.

THE BANISHING OF BEER

If administrative war orders continue to check and bar the production of alcoholic beverages, there will not be much of the liquor trade left to be dealt with, during the war at least, by act of Congress or amendment to the Constitution. All breweries in the country are to be closed on December 1 next by order of the Food Administration. The purpose is twofold, to save coal and to save grain for war use whether by ourselves or our allies. This accomplishes exactly what the Randall Amendment to the Agricultural Stimulation Bill proposed, and leaves the lower house better disposed to substitute the Prohibition Amendment passed by the Senate. Both houses have agreed to the proposal that the President shall have power to establish "dry zones" where war and industrial efficiency make it desirable.

The closing of the breweries, like that of the distilleries, seems to be accepted even by those engaged in the business with calmness and in a patriotic spirit. The result will in time involve the closing of large numbers of saloons as well as breweries, and will temporarily put many men out of work. But there is no lack of use nowadays for buildings, men, or capital. They will be added to the forces working for the things the country needs and must have.

The closing of the breweries here has created a strong impression in England, where the London "Spectator" and other papers have long carried on a campaign against using grain for beer. A writer in one paper says: "As America sends us grain,

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it looks as if she is closing her breweries that ours may remain open. It is very doubtful if, supposing the circumstances were reversed, we should do the same for her; but it is a notable example of the determination of the United States to let nothing stand in the way of carrying on the war." Another writer points out that while America is stopping beer Warwickshire coal-miners are on strike because they are not supplied with beer enough.

THE STUDENT-SOLDIER

Many of the colleges are announcing their plans for carrying out the provisions established by the War Department for the Students' Army Training Corps. The methods and purpose of this great National educational undertaking were stated fully in The Outlook last week. The young men of the country are urged to enter the colleges without regard to the question of draft age. The college will judge of the fitness of the applicant to enter college. If he is eighteen years old or over, he must of course register for the draft before his local board and take the usual physical examination. He will then become a soldier, and his uniform, arms, and living expenses will be provided by the Government. He will, however, be inducted into the Students' Army Training Corps at the college which he has entered and will take the courses established there under the arrangement with the Government. Naturally the instruction will follow lines of direct military value; for instance, Columbia University, in New York City, sets out special courses in French, geography, chemistry, topography, map-making, engineering, and the like. United States officers will furnish technical military instruction. It may be noted, however, that the programme of the War Department specifically states that academic work will not be precluded.

When the soldier-student is called out, as he may be at any time, when other drafted men of the same age are, the intention in the large majority of cases certainly is not to put him at once on the firing line. That would be the least valuable use that could be made of him. The real purpose of the scheme is shown in the fact that the soldier-student called to the colors may be sent to an officers' training camp, to a non-commissioned officers' training school, to a vocational training section of the Students' Army Training Corps, or finally assigned to the very school or college where he is enrolled for intensive work in a specified line. This explains a provision of the Government's programme which otherwise has puzzled some readers—namely, "Students will ordinarily not be permitted to remain on duty in the college unit after the majority of their fellow-citizens of like age have been called to military service at camp." It is evident that, whether at college or in special work in some form, the National purpose is to train and educate rather than merely to drill. "Reservoirs of officer material" is one phrase used by the Government. Columbia announces, doubtless with authority, that students of eighteen and nineteen will remain for not less than nine months of instruction.

The purpose has never been more finely stated than in a recent letter from President Wilson to Secretary Lane. The President says: "So long as the war continues there will be constant need of very large numbers of men and women of the highest and most thorough training for war service in many lines. After the war there will be urgent need not only for trained leadership in all lines of industrial, commercial, social, and civic life, but for a very high average of intelligence and preparation on the part of all the people." And he declares with feeling that "No boy or girl shall have less opportunity for education because of the war, and that the Nation may be strengthened as it can only be through the right education of all its people."

No one can doubt that this vast new educational undertaking of the Government will have a permanent effect on the methods and scope of the Nation's relations to education. The Government is not taking over the colleges as it took over the railways, but it is using them as an indispensable factor in the great National effort. That education is of Nation-wide importance and not a local matter is one of the lessons that must be drawn.

THE SLACKER AND THE CARELESS MAN

In the recent "slacker raids" in New York City and its vicinity fewer men suffered because they were trying to dodge their patriotic duties than because they were careless and regardless of orders. It is not surprising that there was an outcry at the inconvenience and discomfort involved, but forethought on the part of the individual would have prevented a great deal of it. If it is possible to plan a better and less troublesome way to detect and arrest the slacker than that adopted in these raids it certainly should be done. But the result was to teach a double lesson: first, that the conscription law is not to be evaded without detection and punishment—and this was a particularly needed lesson to the evil-disposed at a time when over twelve million men are on the point of registering themselves for military service; the other is that every citizen is now more or less subject to military duty, and that it was a breach of that duty to disregard the order given to all exempted or deferred men to carry their cards with them constantly. It is safe to say that hereafter few men in possession of registration or classification cards will leave home without them. Very likely the machinery of this raid might have been improved upon; Boston is said to have put in practice an efficient combing out of slackers without the disagreeable features seen in New York City.

An inquiry is to be had under the President's order into the methods of the raid, and the result will be enlightening as to future methods. If it is true, as Senator Chamberlain stated in the United States Senate, that "tens of thousands of perfectly innocent men were held overnight in crowded prisons, although they were not trying to evade military duty," it certainly seems that some milder method of separating the innocent from the guilty might be found. Particularly embarrassing was the case of the men who had not registered because they were either above or below the draft age, but who did not "look their age" and were suddenly called upon to furnish birth certificates.

In New York City, Brooklyn, and in the near-by parts of New Jersey over sixty thousand men in all were found without proper credentials; of these about fifteen hundred were slackers or had something seriously wrong with their records; about fifteen thousand, while not slackers, were negligent in some of their duties and were ordered to report back to their local registry boards. These figures indicate that while the vast majority of citizens carried out their duty faithfully, there were still enough who failed of their duty in some degree to justify the Government in making a vigorous and even strenuous effort to enforce the law.

THE OFFENSIVE IS STILL WITH THE ALLIES

There is a significant contrast between the soldier-like utterance of Marshal Foch, "We will continue to pursue the enemy implacably," and the admission of a great German paper that "the German high command has decided not to conduct in the future a war of offense, but a war of defense." It would be contrary to the genius of Marshal Foch if the war on the western line were to settle down into a condition of mutual blockade. Now that the Germans have been driven back to almost the positions they occupied before their offensives began on March 21, it is natural to ask what the next move will be. The question, however, is one that is impossible to answer. That there will be a forward thrust by Marshal Foch at some part of the enemy's line is more than probable; just where it will be is a matter of pure conjecture. In the north General Byng's forces are threatening Cambrai from the positions they occupied after their first memorable attack on that city, while Douai is also in danger. These positions are protected by the extensive forest known as the Havrincourt Wood, and around this the British are making progress. At the other extremity of the line the French are in the same way working around the St. Gobain forest, which impedes the advance toward La Fère and Laon. These two positions, north and south, are like the hinges of a great door. If either or both should be broken through, the central section of the German line would inevitably have to be drawn back and an entirely new line of defense, miles to the rear, be taken by the German army.

One interesting exposition of the effect of Marshal Foch's strategy points out that all through the recent counter-offen-

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CARTOONS OF THE WEEK

Kirby in the New York World

MOPPING UP

UNCLE SAM AFTER THE SLACKERS

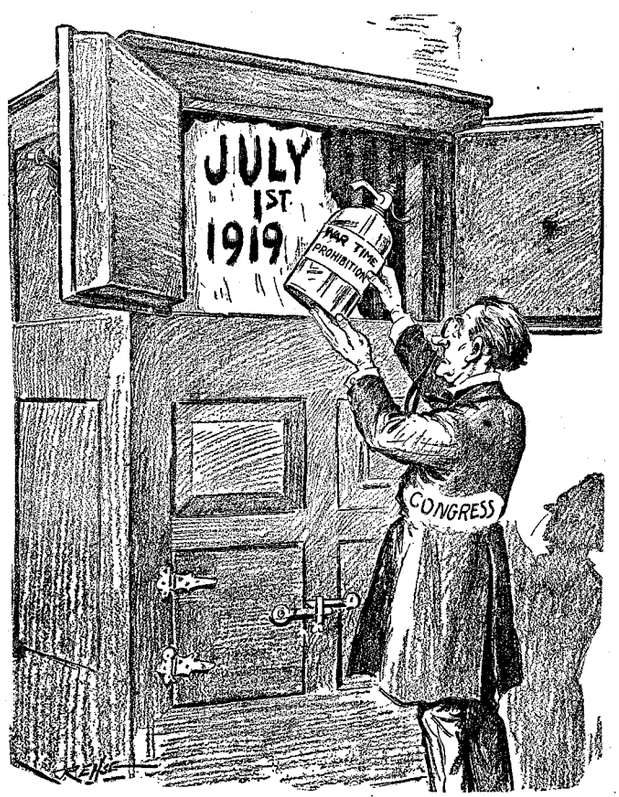
Braakensiek in De Amsterdammer (Amsterdam, Holland)

THE CHANCELLOR AND BELGIUM

Von Hertling: "We hold Belgium as a pawn."

PLAYING THE GAME LIKE A BRUTE

Rehse in the New York World



PUTTING IT ON ICE

A LONG WAIT FOR A GOOD THING

Moreland in London Opinion

OUR AMATEURS ON THE LAND

"Pardon me, madam! I am aware that we have not been introduced, but I hope that you will not object to my mentioning the fact that this is the second time you have stuck your fork into my leg."

DRURY COLLEGE LIBRARY
Springfield, Missouri

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sives the Germans have been forced to mass their reserves on the main line of attack from Ypres south and east to the Argonne forest; that the time has never come when they have been able to replace or restore the reserves taken from that part of their line extending east and south of the Argonne forest to Switzerland, and that it is at least a reasonable theory that it is on this latter part of the line that a new attack by the Allies may attempt to break through here and cross the boundary into Alsace and Lorraine.

The most interesting war news of the week to Americans is found in General March's recent announcement that ninety per cent of the American soldiers abroad have been formed into a distinctly American Army, leaving less than ten per cent of these soldiers brigaded with British and French troops. As we have over a million and a half men abroad, this means the formation of an American Army of at least a million effective soldiers on the fighting line. Americans cannot but feel proud of the existence of this great force, which will be used as a unit just as General Haig uses the British army or General Mangin the French army, subject, of course, to the strategic plans and orders of Marshal Foch. It may be noted that the part of the line evidently held in large part by our American forces is precisely that described in the preceding paragraph as now presumably weakened by the withdrawal of German reserves. If this section of the line—that is, roughly speaking, from Rheims to Belfort—is actually chosen for the next great offensive, the new American Army would play a leading part in that attack.

Whatever may be the next move of the Allies, we may feel sure that Marshal Foch will not easily allow the offensive to be taken from his hands. He is a past-master in so directing his movements as to bring pressure to bear from apparently distant points on the strongholds from which he proposes to drive the Germans. It is in this way that most of the well-known landmarks and cities have fallen in the recent offensive. To continue to make the Germans conform their movements to his will undoubtedly be his policy; one military writer says that the possession of the offensive in the future is worth half a million men to the Allies.

In our natural elation at the marvelous campaign of the last two months we must not foolishly imagine that the victory is all but gained or that there can be the slightest relaxation in our effort, military and industrial. Lord Milner, the British Minister of War, points out to those who are over-confident that the lesson of the recent successes is just the opposite. The way to shorten the war is to increase and not relax the pressure, military and economic. Lord Milner well says: "America's strength—great as it is—can only be relied upon to bring about a decision if it is added to the forces of the European allies and not substituted for them. . . . From a military point of view, the successes are of no value unless they are followed up, and to reap the fruits of them the enemy must be given no rest."

It may be added that there are physical reasons why our efforts must be increased rather than diminished. As our Army abroad expands, its need of supplies and munitions constantly increases. Moreover, even German retreats, welcome as they are to us, lengthen our distance from our bases, and therefore will, as our advances continue, require constantly increasing effort. One press correspondent remarks: "Did you ever stop to think that every mile we drive the German back increases the tax upon our supplies? The farther the German retreats, the more miles of railroad we are required to build in order to hit him. The farther back he goes, the more material we will have to ship across the Atlantic."

GAINS IN RUSSIA

In Russia, as on the western front, the Allied forces are making notable headway. The Czechoslovak forces, aided by the Japanese troops which came up from Manchuria and by the other Allied forces which have been landed at Vladivostok, now control the Trans-Siberian Railway from a point six hundred miles southeast of Petrograd to the Pacific coast. They have defeated and driven away the Red Guard forces which have so long held the intermediate section of the railway east of Lake Baikal. One result is that the Bolsheviki are cut off and isolated so far as regards rail and telegraph communication from the rest of the world except through Germany.

The Bolsheviki have only themselves to blame for the war now being waged upon them by the Czechoslovaks. It was the violation of their pledges to the Czechoslovaks to allow them to pass peacefully through Russia to the Pacific ports that precipitated war. From Moscow and Petrograd the news reports indicate a rule of bloodshed and brute force. The lawless interference by the Bolshevik government with the British Consul is one indication of this anarchistic condition of affairs. The fact that eighty thousand Russians have joined in the Czechoslovak resistance to the Bolsheviki shows that the Bolshevik leaders do not represent Russia or any large part of Russia, but only a small minority of violent followers. Their downfall is only a matter of time.

PRIMARY DAY IN NEW YORK

Primary day in the State of New York has come and gone and the regular candidates of the two great parties for Governor have been nominated by large majorities. Governor Whitman won over his competitor, Attorney-General Lewis, by a very large vote, and Alfred E. Smith, now President of the Board of Aldermen of the City of New York, received an almost equally large majority over his competitor, William Church Osborn, who in the old days would have been called the silk-stocking candidate, if it may be said that Democratic candidates ever wear silk stockings. Both of the successful candidates are the choice of their respective organizations and were opposed on that ground by arguments which apparently made little impression upon the primary voter. Even the third-term bogie failed to terrify, for Mr. Whitman is now the regular Republican nominee for a third term as Governor of the Empire State.

Mr. Smith, as our readers know who read the very interesting article about him by ex-Senator Davenport in The Outlook for July 31, is a Tammany man—that is to say, he is a member of that famous organization, in good and regular standing—but he made an enviable record for himself both in the Legislature and in the last Constitutional Convention. Mr. Osborn is a New York City lawyer of distinction and high character who has held various positions of influence in the Democratic party, but has never been affiliated with Tammany. He ran in the primary not so much as an opponent of Mr. Smith as an opponent of Tammany.

No one has questioned the integrity and sincerity of "Al" Smith, as he is familiarly and even affectionately known by his friends. The criticisms of his nomination have been made by those who fear the malign power of Tammany. The New York "Evening Post," whose political motto seems to be, "Wherever you see the head of an organization man in either party, hit it," wound up a long and not altogether unfriendly editorial on Mr. Smith's nomination as follows:

> Will he [Alfred E. Smith] come down to the city to lunch regularly with Murphy as Theodore Roosevelt used to come to breakfast with Tom Platt?

To this the New York "Times" rises up as a defender of both Mr. Smith and Mr. Roosevelt by saying:

> If he does, and the luncheons don't do Murphy any more good than the breakfasts used to do Platt, there is not much for us to worry about.

This, we think, both succinctly and wittily expresses the attitude of the people of New York State generally. It remains to be seen whether Mr. Smith can on Election Day roll up a large enough vote below the Harlem River to offset the normal Republican majority "up the State." He has been indorsed in a personal letter by Mr. Lansing, Secretary of State, who is a citizen and voter of New York State. As Mr. Lansing is the ranking member of the President's Cabinet, Mr. Smith's friends regard this letter as equivalent to an indorsement by the Administration.

THE BABY-WEIGHING CAMPAIGN

Reports from Washington tell of the gains that are being made toward the objective of Children's Year—"to save one

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hundred thousand babies and to get a square deal for children." The year was inaugurated on April 6, 1918, the anniversary of our entry into the war, under the direction of the Children's Bureau of the United States Department of Labor and the Woman's Committee of the Council of National Defense. The work has the special approval and support of President Wilson. The first activity undertaken was a weighing and measuring test for babies and little children. To the present date, fully six million children under six years of age have been tested with scales and tape-measure, and the work is still going on.

The chief value of the weighing and measuring lies in the fact that it is bringing the children to public attention and arousing communities to action for child welfare. Since weight and height constitute a rough index of physical condition, the test has served to indicate the children who are in especial need of care. Parents have discovered in their children unsuspected defects, many of them remediable if taken in time, but likely to mean future suffering and ill health if neglected.

"Clean-up" campaigns and campaigns for better milk are being undertaken. Public lecture courses and classes in child care for mothers and "little mothers" have been instituted. At the beginning of Children's Year each community was assigned a quota of the one hundred thousand babies to be saved. Now all over the country doctors, nurses, newspaper men, business men, mothers, and fathers are working in their several communities to "raise" that quota.

Hand in hand with the work for babies and children work for the welfare of older boys and girls is being carried on as an activity of Children's Year. Early in the summer a recreation drive was started, with the object of fostering and promoting the sort of play that would add to the bodily vigor and general well-being of young folk. European experience shows that while conditions for babies have actually improved in some regions since the war, there has been a tendency to neglect the older children in the press of circumstances. They have suffered in health and in morals. Foreign authorities, according to a report recently published by the Children's Bureau, point to an increase in juvenile delinquency as a result of the abnormal conditions that inevitably arise from war. Fathers at the front, mothers at the factories, play-leaders and teachers drawn away for war work, schools commandeered for hospitals, relaxed police supervision—all these things, with the unrest and unaccustomed excitements of war time added, are named as a cause of the increase in the number of young offenders. As an antidote, foreign writers are almost unanimous in suggesting recreation, abundant and properly supervised.

Such recreation is one of the main objects of Children's Year. The National organizations interested in the activities of boys and girls are co-operating with the local committees of the Council of National Defense to maintain and increase the facilities for play in every community.

All over the country boys and girls are practicing the tests of physical efficiency originated by the Playground and Recreation Association, one of the agencies interested in the drive. They are organizing into penny-whistle clubs and young folks' bands and choruses. They are learning the folk-dances of the Allies. In the Play Week now being held or soon to be held this fall all over the country, these young people will be ready to exhibit their accomplishments. There will be special drills, first-aid drills, and demonstrations of camp-life activities by the Boy Scouts and Girl Scouts and Camp Fire Girls. The Junior Red Cross will exhibit the things they have made for soldiers, sailors, and refugees; the Canning Clubs and the Boys' and Girls' Clubs of the Department of Agriculture, and the School Garden Army of the Bureau of Education, will show what they have done in the interest of food conservation. Old games will be revived. Many communities are planning to present pageants showing the contribution to be made by the children of the Nation to the cause of democracy.

The Committee on Training Camp Activities has demonstrated to the country, beyond all question, the value of recreation in promoting the health and morale of our men in camp. The War Camp Community Service has shown that abundant, clean recreation is an effective antidote to the vicious influences that have always in the past been camp followers. It is the aim of the Children's Bureau and the Woman's Committee, with the aid of the co-operating organizations, to demonstrate during Children's Year the value of recreation for children.

THE LESSON OF LAFAYETTE DAY

FRIDAY, September 6, the anniversary of the birth of Lafayette and of the winning of the first Battle of the Marne, was recognized by celebrations in various parts of this country. That in New York City was perhaps the most notable. It took the form of a distinguished gathering in the Aldermanic Chamber of the fine old historic City Hall in the afternoon and of a banquet in the evening. The exercises at the City Hall were both of a military and a civic character. French veterans and American soldiers and sailors stood at attention as the distinguished visitors entered the building, and a detachment of British sailors and of American soldiers in khaki, with their rifles, added picturesqueness to the gathering in the Hall. State Supreme Court Justice Victor J. Dowling greeted the guests and audience as Chairman. He is, we believe, of both Irish and Belgian ancestry, but of a sturdy Americanism which showed itself in an admirably expressed appeal to fight the war to a finish and to support our allies, from the British to the Japanese, without limit. To this sentiment he elicited a response of prolonged applause, as he also did when he referred to the two great spiritual figures of the war as King Albert and Cardinal Mercier of Belgium. Mr. John Jay Chapman read an unusually stirring poem, in which he compared the pursuit of the Hun to a hunt of a wild boar whose poisoned breath was almost as much to be feared as his ruthless fangs. This reference by poetical analogy to the danger of a negotiated peace also brought out the pronounced approval of the gathering. A specially interesting part of the programme was the reading by Mr. Maurice Léon, to whose tireless and patriotic energy the National celebration of Lafayette Day is largely due, of some personal messages from President Poincaré of France, Marshal Joffre, Marshal Foch, General Pershing, and Admiral Sims—each expressing the idea that the war must be carried on until the enemy unconditionally surrenders. No negotiated peace for them!

The chief feature of the afternoon was the address by Colonel Theodore Roosevelt. His speech fell into two parts; the first was a tribute to our allies and an assertion that "we must win the war as speedily as possible; but we must set ourselves to fight it through, no matter how long it takes, with the resolute determination to accept no peace until, no matter at what cost, we win the peace of an overwhelming victory." The second part of his address was devoted to urging the importance of a permanent policy in the United States of universal military training and service. A league of nations to enforce peace could be of no value, he said, unless each member of that league was strong enough to defend itself and therefore to throw the weight of its power into the defense of the league.

Mr. Roosevelt did not add, as he might very well have done, that a league of nations to enforce peace already exists in the group of twenty-three Allies, including ourselves, who are fighting against the banditry of Germany. We hope that league will be continued after the war, and that no other nations will be taken into it, not even the neutral nations, unless they are duly elected after passing a rigorous test as to their qualifications for admission. Any international league of nations to enforce peace that is to be successful must be based upon morality, and it would be as inappropriate and destructive to take immoral nations into such a league as it would be to take immoral persons into a society to promote social purity, or thieves and robbers into a society to protect property.

The response to Mr. Roosevelt's address was made by his Excellency the French Ambassador, Mr. Jusserand, who also spoke in the evening at the dinner of the France-America Society. Mr. Jusserand pointed out what absolute folly it is to depend upon any treaty made with modern Germany, not only because at the outbreak of the war she contemptuously alluded to the treaty with Belgium as a "scrap of paper," but because her treaties of peace made only this year with Russia and with Rumania are not treaties of peace, but treaties of slavery.

Lafayette Day has now become a sort of international holiday of the Allies, and it should be so continued. The most

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important lesson its growing celebration in this country has, it seems to us, is that there now exists in the world a league for peace consisting of twenty-three nations; that those nations must continue their joint membership in this league even after a decisive victory is won; that the purposes of the league will be not only to determine economic, social, and political relationships among themselves, but to see that the treaty of peace which they draw up is observed and obeyed by other nations; and, finally, to make it clear that they will not take into their league any other nations as members unless they so elect, after as careful scrutiny and as strict rejection as is exercised by a fraternity or club in private life which aims to maintain serious objects and high standards of membership.

As Mr. Roosevelt well said in his Lafayette Day address, the man who puts internationalism above nationalism is as much to be suspected as the man who puts promiscuous affection for his neighbors above devotion to his own family. The twenty-three nations who are now fighting for the liberty of the world as against Pan-German despotism are the charter members of a league for peace. It is their first duty to protect that charter membership. Promiscuous admission of every nation into the league, regardless of its past record or present character, would make the charter not worth the paper it is written on, and thus automatically destroy the league itself.

THE ROMANCE IN RUTS

Ruts are too rarely regarded as a road to romance. A too common prejudice in favor of the uncommon blinds us to the glamour of the commonplace. Why should not the track most trodden be richest for human discovery, with its lure of countless feet urging us to ascertain their unknown goal, its wayside treasure of philosophies set there for our guidance by the innumerable discoverers who have followed the road before us? For the born adventurer conservatism may hold more enticement to exploration than revolt. Such a man keeps step with the crowd in fearless following of convention. He is not afraid of anything, least of all of capering ahead of conservatism, if convinced he would thus reach a goal. He exacts of circumstance that it shall offer him the utmost opportunity for struggle and the most incontestable superiority to the conditions designed for him which his soul can attain. Demanding this, he has his doubts whether kicking off the harness is as inalienable a proof of sporting blood as going swiftly in it. How can he be sure he possesses endurance enough to win the race if he runs around the hurdles instead of jumping over them? He thinks that perhaps the only way to find out why the hurdles of convention are set upon the highway is to accept them.

The true adventurer distrusts revolt because he is afraid it may prove to be an avoidance of difficulties that might afford him both development and discovery, the two things he is determined no fate shall deny him. For example, viewing the careers of George Eliot and George Sand, he grants that they were big women both, but queries whether they might not have been even bigger if they had been enthusiastically humdrum. It is only a most uncommon person who can be commonplace by conviction. It is the gift of certain geniuses to see the romance in ruts, and to live it. It was once the endowment of a certain artist, not one of the Georges of literature, but a woman named Jane.

Convention, if investigated with a reckless abandon to conformity, may prove a richer region in discovery than any radicalism. A radical may be a man most hidebound by his own opinions. The true explorer tests conformity and rebellion with exactly the same openness of mind, and his hesitation before the rosy promises of revolt concerns not their respectability but their reliability; will the path of individual freedom they point really keep his brain as alert, his muscles as flexible for combat, as that more ancient roadway which conceivably is planned with more foresight for taking him farther from the limitations of self, necessitated by a blind choice of his own direction? The argument has nothing to do with conformity in itself, or with nonconformity in itself, but merely suggests that the former is just as fertile a field for the adventurer as the latter. An external compliance sometimes affords an inner freedom not otherwise obtained; for if people see you kicking away customs they are likely to restrain you forcibly, which either prevents altogether the sweet solitude of your quest or makes you so self-conscious that you can no longer enjoy it. The man who habitually goes with the crowd, inquisitively acquiescent, has the chance both to detect the human riches of the beaten track and also to step aside, unnoticed, to his own treasure-digging.

When one advocates the courage to be audaciously commonplace, one has in mind that the commonest possession on earth is a soul; every Tom, Dick, and Harry owns one, yet every one knows that his soul is a trackless realm for exploration, so measureless an area that its mere outskirts cannot be exhausted in seventy years. Only the timid man need ever fear being bored so long as he holds a soul fief. Yet how many of us, instead of being liberated by the possession of personality, are bound and baffled by it, like the caged starling:

> "Forever the impenetrable wall
> Of self confines my poor rebellious soul.
> . . . . . .
> I weary of desires never guessed,
> For alien passions, strange imaginings,
> To be some other person for a day."

One way to fly free of the bars is to analyze our soul quests. Granted that what we all desire is the opportunity to be heroic toward the unexpected, why do we take such precautions to have our paths run according to our little self-set pattern, pleasant as a park? Of life we demand opportunity for daring achievement, but when life opens to us this domain on our familiar doorstep we refuse to pay the price of admittance. True valor lies in taking adventure wherever it is offered and paying the price like a man.

Believing always that the common road has more wizardry than any road that he might select for himself, the true adventurer is never nonplused by the knowledge that the world of to-day is not so rich in external encounters as it was for Columbus or Drake. Ultimately we shall be restricted solely to spiritual exploration, only to find the tracks of the untrodden there to be limitless. A present-day poet complains of the cinema that it brings far countries too near:

> "Rekindled are the fires of Akbar's tents,
> Strange moons have silvered stranger continents,
> Forsaken gods implore us.
> Legended river, peak, and island girth,
> And all the riches of the realms of earth
> Are vital now before us,
> But mystery, dear mystery, lies dead."

Still there remain to us forever the neglected mysteries of our own house and yard. The gift of glamour is a gift of our own bestowing, and whether we let it shine on far things or familiar, on external or on spiritual, it has power to make us little kings of the commonplace.

THE DEVIL AND THE DEEP SEA

Holland is between the devil and the deep sea. Germany is the devil; America represents the deep sea.

Having no coal and little wheat, Holland is naturally dependent upon other countries for them. As she cannot get access to the British supply, she gets her coal from Germany. As she cannot get access to the Russian, Rumanian, and Hungarian supplies, she gets her wheat from America.

Holland probably needs more coal proportionately than does any other country. As a Dutchman, Mr. Rooseboom, in the current "Atlantic Monthly," shows, much of her land is below sea-level, and to a large extent windmills are replaced by steam-pumps; as he states, it is a case of "pump or be swamped." It is German coal that warms and lights Dutch houses, that keeps her trains and industries running. What has Holland to offer in return for coal? Gold, of course—the thrifty Dutch; but also what Germany needs more—sugar, coffee, cocoa, fish, butter, eggs, beef, cheese, and some wheat. Even when Holland has been virtually starving, says Mr. Rooseboom, food has been smuggled over her borders into Germany.

As to wheat, we continued to export large amounts to Holland until we realized that it was being re-exported to feed the

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German army. America protested. The result was that since March 15, 1915, so a correspondent in Holland informs us, no grain, flour, or stock feed imported by that country has been exported to Germany or elsewhere; that no grain, flour, or feed of Dutch origin has been exported (this was made possible because of import of corresponding quantities from abroad), and that the food which has been exported from Holland has consisted of surplus dairy and agricultural products, the proportion shipped to each country being fixed by agreement with the British and German Governments.

In 1917 Holland paid for and loaded into Dutch vessels in American ports nearly two hundred thousand tons of grain, flour, and feed. These ships were detained here until a large part of the cargo was spoiled, the loss to Holland, together with the demurrage, being some $8,000,000. Such treatment our correspondent characterizes as "unfriendly, unfair, and stupid."

At first blush it does seem so. But what are the facts? We detained the Dutch ships, first, because our supply of bunker coal was as inadequate as our supply of grain—and grain exported to Holland might have served to release equivalent foodstuffs to the enemy; and, second, because we needed the ships. The Hague Treaty, which Holland and America both signed, provided for utilization by either state of private property in time of war. Not until the Dutch Government, under German duress, found itself unable to carry out its programme for the simultaneous departure of a corresponding ship for America every time a Dutch ship left our ports, did we proceed to exercise this right. We agreed to replace the ships in kind at the close of the war and to begin to send to Holland a hundred thousand tons of bread cereals, with the understanding that they should not contribute, even indirectly, to Germany's aid. Yet this act the Dutch Government called (despite Holland's signature to the Hague Treaty) "an act of violence." When convinced, however, of its legality, it still complained that we had repudiated Dutch-American friendship.

Certainly Dutch-American friendship proudly rests on a firm basis of Dutch friendliness. As Mr. Rooseboom points out, the Dutch would not advance one man or one cent to help England during our Revolution; on the contrary, the Amsterdam bankers furnished $14,000,000 to help our colonists, and when Baltimore was hard pressed by the British blockade it was a Dutchman who broke the blockade and relieved the town with Dutch grain ships; moreover, the first foreign salute to the American flag was fired by Dutch guns, and Holland was the first to welcome the new Republic as her equal. Not only have we been grateful for these things, but the heroism shown in Dutch history has had no sincerer admirers, we are sure, than Americans, as witness many books, from Motley's "Dutch Republic" to Griffis's "Brave Little Holland."

Holland's history shows us that in 1581 she issued an immortal declaration of liberty. She was then united. In 1918 we find her bound. In Holland conditions like those in Spain prevail. Mr. Rooseboom informs us that "the common people are decidedly anti-German," but that "in the upper classes, and more particularly among the aristocracy, there is more sympathy for the German cause." Incidentally, the Dutch Queen's husband is German.

The result is—and we cannot be surprised—that in neither Spain nor Holland is there peace. Mr. Rooseboom quotes approvingly The Outlook for December 26, 1917, in which we said: "What is commonly called peace is not peace at all: mere absence of fighting is not peace; on the contrary, if you want peace you will have to fight for it."

Apparently in Holland, at least at present, the people are not ready to fight for it, for in the fight they would not be united.

Is Mr. Rooseboom speaking of the "upper" or "lower" classes when he asserts that "the Entente is gradually pushing unwilling Holland into her [Germany's] arms"? That certainly does not smack of the spirit of 1581.

An indication that the governing classes of Holland are in some danger of falling into Germany's arms may be found in the Dutch proposal (probably German-inspired) reported in July and not as yet disavowed, as far as we know. It was to send equal amounts of potatoes to Germany and to the Entente, for which Holland was prepared to devote a total of 50,000 tons. As the Allies do not need their half, the 50,000-ton proposal might result in all of the amount going to Germany. Perhaps in the new assurance of cereals from America Holland finds that she can spare potatoes. Getting carbohydrates in one form, she would export them in another. She would thus as surely supply Germany with calory ration as if she again reshipped there wheat received from America. Of course Holland would get in return a corresponding amount of coal. Holland has now received a part of the foodstuffs promised by us under the arrangement. The President would be right in withholding the rest if this potato report is confirmed.

Our correspondent protests that Holland has maintained "firmly and steadfastly those principles of international law that were first formulated on her soil." Has she? Or has America?

Let Holland look across her border to another country of about her own size which has maintained these principles, which has sacrificed herself during four years in their defense. That is why we are sending thousands of tons of foodstuffs to Rotterdam, there to be unloaded into Dutch river steamers and forwarded to Belgium through Dutch waterways, relying on Dutch assurances that food intended for relief in Belgium will never be requisitioned for use in Holland. And that is why Holland herself has nobly provided homes for thousands upon thousands of Belgian refugees.

America is in this war to win. She intends to remain true to her friendship for the gallant nation which once befriended her. It is Holland's part, though sorely pressed, to remain worthy of that friendship.

BROADWAY ON A HOT NIGHT

The Happy Eremite walked up Broadway from Thirty-fourth Street into the gay little world of theaters and cabarets and spendthrifts of money and hope that lives its feverish life in and about Times Square. The hour was the one which Broadway considers peculiarly her own, namely, midnight. The theaters and the movie houses were already dark; but the night was hot, and two currents of sweltering humanity were flowing along the sidewalk, north and south, aimlessly so far as the Happy Eremite could see, having no destination except the vague goal of hectic adventure.

The crowd was the ordinary crowd, jostling and noisy and cheap, but its degree of vulgarity struck the Happy Eremite as quite out of the ordinary, for the starched jauntiness that gives Broadway a certain gaudy dash of its own was wilted; the flashiness failed to flash. There were little brown runnels through the paint.

It was as though life, in a sardonic mood, had impetuously stripped these Children of the Blind Alley of their disguise. There they were, in a steam of heat and perspiration and vile perfumery, with the garment of manufactured prettiness flung aside, revealed in their nakedness.

They did not make an attractive picture.

The Happy Eremite walked slowly up Broadway, staring into the livid faces that floated by on the black current. It seemed to him that he was on some murky river-bank of hell watching the endless passing of the damned.

"Damned!"

The word rang like a gloomy bell through his being.

His Sense of Humor interposed. "Don't be an ass," it said. "You talk like a deacon."

"No," his Sober Judgment answered. "These people are damned, and joking about it won't make them any less damned than they are. They are not damned because a Scotchman in the sixteenth century said that any one who let himself have a good time was, *ipso facto*, automatically, and without further argument, *damned*. They are not damned because they have offended God or because they have sinned, or any nonsense of that sort. A lot of them undoubtedly are perfectly respectable and have never done anything the theologians would classify as sin. They are damned because they think that they can find happiness in tangible, seeable, smellable things—in clothes and perfume and food and strong drink, and in looking at exciting pictures, and in feeling strange, dark thrills tingling their flesh. They will chase happiness and they won't find it, and

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they will chase it more wildly and still they won't find it; and they will desiccate their hearts in the desert heat and quench their spirits in the marshes, and they will be damned through time and through eternity, to the third and fourth generation, damned and damned and—"

"See here!" cried his Conscience. "I thought you called yourself a Christian Eremite. Christianity means grace, forgiveness, salvation. Where do these come in?"

"They come in," he answered, "as all other priceless things come in—even as the trust in purchasable things goes out."

He moved slowly on, and the turgid current flowed slowly past him, noisy and unclean. Suddenly he was aware of a strident voice above the other strident voices.

"Naw, go 'way," it cried. "I'm sick o' you tango lizards. Why dontcher go an' enlist?" The voice was drowned in the sound of many voices. The Eremite turned southward, and a minute later he heard the voice once more:

"Say, Florence," it said, softly, quite near him. "I'm goin' home."

"What for?" queried another voice, shrill and cheap as the first.

"Oh, I don't know," said the other. "I'm sick o' these cheap-skate willies. I'm sick of a lot of things. I guess, perhaps—"

Her voice died away, lost in the mordant laughter of a slightly intoxicated pair pushing their way from a restaurant to a taxi.

The Happy Eremite looked up at the stars and murmured a prayer to the Guardian of hearts that were sick of "cheap-skate willies."

A JUDICIAL DEFINITION OF ALLEGIANCE

The Rev. J. Fontana, pastor of the German Evangelical Church, New Salem, North Dakota, was recently tried at Bismarck, in that State. He was charged with having uttered from time to time seditious language for the purpose of interfering with the military activities of the Government. The presiding Judge was Charles F. Amidon, of the United States District Court, District of North Dakota. The jury returned a verdict of guilty against Mr. Fontana on August 15. United States Attorney Hildreth moved for sentence on August 19. In passing sentence Judge Amidon said in part what follows.—THE EDITORS.

YOU received your final papers as a citizen in 1898. By the oath which you then took you renounced and abjured all allegiance to Germany and to the Emperor of Germany, and swore that you would bear true faith and allegiance to the United States. What did that mean? That you would set about earnestly growing an American soul and put away your German soul. That is what your oath of allegiance meant. Have you done that? I do not think you have. You have cherished everything German, prayed German, read German, sung German. Every thought of your mind and every emotion of your heart through all these years has been German. Your body has been in America, but your life has been in Germany. If you were set down in Prussia to-day, you would be in harmony with your environment. It would fit you just as a flower fits the leaf and stem of the plant on which it grows. You have influenced others who have been under your ministry to do the same thing. You said you would cease to cherish your German soul. That meant that you would begin the study of American life and history, that you would open your mind and heart to all of its influences, that you would try to understand its ideals and purposes and love them, that you would try to build up inside of yourself a whole group of feelings for the United States the same as you felt towards the fatherland when you left Germany. There have been a good many Germans before me in the last month. It has been an impressive part of the trial. They have lived in this country, like yourself, ten, twenty, thirty, forty years; and they had to give their evidence through an interpreter. And as I looked at them and tried as best I could to understand them, there was written all over every one of them, "Made in Germany." American life had not dimmed that mark in the least. It stood there as bright and fresh as the inscription upon a new coin. I do not blame you and these men alone. I blame myself. I blame my country. We urged you to come. We welcomed you; we gave you opportunity; we gave you land; we conferred upon you the diadem of American citizenship—and then we left you. We paid no attention to what you have been doing.

And now the world war has thrown a searchlight upon our National life, and what have we discovered? We find all over these United States, in groups, little Germanies, little Italies, little Austrias, little Norways, little Russias. These foreign people have thrown a circle about themselves, and, instead of keeping the oath they took that they would try to grow American souls inside of them, they have studiously striven to exclude everything American and to cherish everything foreign. A clever gentleman wrote a romance called "America, the Melting Pot." It appealed to our vanity, and through all these years we have been seeing romance instead of fact. That is the awful truth. The figure of my country stands beside you to-day. It says to me: Do not blame this man alone. I am partly to blame. Punish him for his offense, but let him know that I see things in a new light, that a new era has come here. Punish him to teach him, and the like of him, and all those who have been misled by him and his like, that a change has come; that there must be an interpretation anew of the oath of allegiance. It has been in the past nothing but a formula of words. From this time on it must be translated into living characters incarnate in the life of every foreigner who has his dwelling-place in our midst. If they have been cherishing foreign history, foreign ideals, foreign loyalty, it must be stopped, and they must begin at once, all over again, to cherish American thought, American history, American ideals. That means something that is to be done in your daily life. It does not mean simply that you will not take up arms against the United States. It goes deeper far than that. It means that you will live for the United States, and that you will cherish and grow American souls inside of you. It means that you will take down from the walls of your homes the picture of the Kaiser and put up the picture of Washington; that you will take down the picture of Bismarck and hang up the picture of Lincoln. It means that you will begin to sing American songs; that you will begin earnestly to study American history; that you will begin to open your lives through every avenue to the influence of American life. It means that you will begin first of all to learn English, the language of this country, so that there may be a door into your souls through which American life may enter.

I am not so simple as to entertain the idea that racial habits and qualities can be put aside by the will in a day, in a year, in a generation; but because that is difficult is all the more reason why you should get about it and quit cherishing a foreign life. If half the effort had been put forth in these foreign communities to build up an American life in the hearts of these foreign-born citizens that has been put forth to perpetuate a foreign life, our situation would have been entirely different from what it is to-day. You have violated your oath of allegiance in this: You have cherished foreign ideals and tried to make them everlasting. That is the basic wrong of these thousands of little islands of foreigners that have been formed through our whole limits, that, instead of trying to remove the foreign life out of their souls and to build up an American life in them, they have striven studiously from year to year to stifle American life and to make foreignness perpetual. That is disloyalty. And the object, one of the big objects, of this serious proceeding in this court, and other like proceedings in other courts, is to give notice that that must be stopped.

I have seen before my eyes another day of judgment. When we get through with this war, and civil liberty is made safe once more upon this earth, there is going to be a day of judgment in these United States. Foreign-born citizens and the institutions which have cherished foreignness are going to be brought to the judgment bar of this Republic. That day of judgment looks more to me to-day like the great Day of Judg-

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TO AMERICA

BY HAROLD TROWBRIDGE PULSIFER

Be solemn in your joy, O land,
While triumph marches with your flag,
Remembering the holy band
That bore it on from vale to crag.

Be solemn in your joy, O land,
And prayerful in your high delight,—
Where your victorious colors stand
There is a host beyond your sight.

It is the host of those who died,—
Dear Belgian babes and stalwart men,
And women whelmed beneath the tide;—
That liberty might live again;

Daughters of France whom God forgot
In dens below the German line,
And soldiers grim who questioned not
But gave their blood like living wine;

Men from the warm Italian plain
Who perished in the snow and ice,
And Britons who were proud to drain
The brimming cup of sacrifice;

And, last of all, your eager sons
Who stormed the very mouth of hell.
Glad-eyed they met the flaming guns
And caught your banner ere it fell.

This is the host, O land, that knows
The worth of pain, the cost of peace;
And on the road your banner goes
They follow till the war drums cease.

They ask no honors from your hand,
No flowered wreath, no carven stone.
Behold their steady eyes command
One thing of you and one alone.

Build them a rampart mountain high
Between their children and the Hun,—
Then those who were so proud to die
Will know at last their task is done.

Though drop by drop you count the cost,
Lift up that rampart to the skies!
If the battle end and their cause be lost,
Have you courage to face that host of eyes?

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ment than anything that I have thought of for many years. There is going to be a separation on that day of the sheep from the goats. Every institution that has been engaged in this business of making foreignness perpetual in the United States will have to change or cease. That is going to cut deep, but it is coming.

I recognize the right of foreign-born citizens to hear their religion, if they cannot understand it in English, spoken to them in the tongue that they can understand. If they have not yet acquired enough English to read, they are entitled to have a paper that shall speak to them the language that they can understand. I cannot go further than that. And this is the capital thing that is going to be settled on that day of judgment, namely, that the right to those things is temporary, and it cannot be enjoyed by anybody who is not willing to regard it as temporary and to set about earnestly making the time of that enjoyment as short as possible. That means a fundamental revision of these foreign churches. No freedom of the press will protect a perpetual foreign press in these United States. It won't protect any press or any church which, while it is trying to meet a temporary need, does not set itself earnestly about the business of making that temporary situation just as temporary as possible, and not making it, as has been true in the past, just as near perpetual as possible. Men who are not willing to do that will have to choose. If they prefer to cherish foreign ideals, they will have to go to their own. If it is necessary, we will cancel every certificate of citizenship in these United States. The Federal Government has power to deal with that subject and it is going to deal with it. Nothing else than that surely can be possible. And the object of the sentence which I pronounce upon you to-day is not alone to punish you for the disloyalty of which you have been guilty, but to serve notice upon you, and the like of you, and all of the groups of people in this district who have been cherishing foreignness, that the end of that régime has come. It is a call to every one of you to set about earnestly the growing of an American soul inside of you.

The Court finds and adjudges that you are guilty under each count of the indictment, and as a punishment therefor it is further adjudged that you be imprisoned in the Federal Penitentiary at Leavenworth for the term of three years. The sentences under the three counts of the indictment are to run concurrently and not successively.

RUNNING SUBMERGED

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE FROM HENRY B. BESTON

The Navy Department has recently announced that American submarines are at work on the other side. Thanks to the courtesy of Secretary Daniels and Admiral Sims, a special naval correspondent of The Outlook, Mr. Henry B. Beston, was recently permitted to visit the submarine base. Mr. Beston writes that the record of these submarines is magnificent, and that when their story is told it will prove to be one of the most heroic of the war. Another article from this correspondent will follow.—THE EDITORS.

IT was breakfast time, and the officers of the submarines then in port had gathered around one end of the long dining-table in the ward-room of the mother ship. Two or three who had breakfasted early had taken places on a bench along the nearer wall and were examining a disintegrating heap of English and American magazines, while, pushed back from the table and smoking an ancient brier, the senior of the group read aloud the wireless news which had just arrived that morning. The news was not of great importance. This lecture done with, the tinkle of cutlery and silver, which had been politely hushed, broke forth again.

"What are you doing this morning, Bill?" said one of the young captains to another who had appeared in old clothes.

"Going out at about half-past nine with the X 10." (The X 10 was a British submarine.) "Just going to take a couple of shots at each other. What are you up to?"

"Oh, I've got to give a bearing the once over, and then I've got to write a bunch of letters."

"Wouldn't you like to come with us?" said the first speaker to me, pausing over a steaming dish of breakfast porridge. "Be mighty glad to take you."

"Indeed, I would," I replied, with joy in my heart. "All my life long I have wanted to take a trip in a submarine."

"That's fine! We'll get you some dungarees. Can't fool round a submarine in good clothes." The whole table began to take a friendly interest, and a dispute arose as to whose clothes would best fit me. I am a large person. "Give him my extra set; they're on the side of my locker." "Don't you want a cap or something?" "Hey, that's too small; wait and I'll get Tom's coat." "Try these on." They are a wonderful lot, the submarine boys, the most wonderful lads in the world.

I felt frightfully submarinish in my outfit. We must have made a picturesque group. The captain led off, wearing a tattered, battered old uniform of Annapolis days; I followed, wearing an old navy cap jammed on the side of my head and a suit of newly laundered dungarees; the second officer brought up the rear, his outfit consisting of dungaree trousers, a kind of aviator's waistcoat, and an old cloth cap.

The submarines were moored close by the side of the mother ship, a double doorway in the wall of the machine shop on the lower deck opening directly upon them. A narrow runway connected the nearest vessel with the sill of this aperture, and mere planks led from one superstructure to another. The day, first real day after weeks of rain, was soft and clear; great low masses of vapor, neither mist nor cloud, but something of both, swept down the long bay on the wings of the wind from the clean, sweet-smelling sea; the sun shone like ancient silver. Little fretful waves of water, clear as the water of a spring, coursed down the alleyways between the submarines; gulls, piping and barking, whirled like snowflakes overhead. I crossed to one gray alligatorish superstructure, looked down a narrow circular hatch, at whose floor I could see the captain waiting for my coming, grasped the steel rings of a narrow ladder, and descended into the submarine.

The first impression was of being surrounded by tremendous, almost incredible complexity. A bewildering and intricate mass of delicate mechanical contrivances—valves, stop-cocks, wheels, chains, shining pipes, ratchets, faucets, oil-cups, rods, gauges. Second impression—bright cleanliness, shining brass, gleams of steely radiance, stainless walls of white enamel paint. Third impression—size; there was much more room than I had expected. Of course everything is to be seen by floods of steady electric light, since practically no daylight filters down through an open hatchway.

"This," said the captain, "is the control-room. Notice the two depth gauges—two, in case one gets out of order. That thick tube with a brass thread coiled about it is our periscope, and it's a peach! It's of the 'housing' kind and winds up and down along that screw. The thread prevents any leak of water. In here"—we went through a lateral compartment with a steel door as thick as that of a small safe—"is a space where we eat, sleep, and live; our cook-stove is that gas jet in the corner; we don't do much cooking when we're running submerged; in here'—we passed another stout partition—"is our Diesel engine and our dynamos. Up forward is another living space, which technically belongs to the officers, and the torpedo-room." He took me along. "Now you've seen it all. A fat steel cigar, divided into various compartments and cram-jammed full of shining machinery. Of course there's no privacy whatsoever." (Readers will have to guess what is occasionally used for the phonograph table.) "Our space is so limited that designers will spend a year arguing where to put an object no bigger than a soap-box. We get on very well, however. Every crew gets used to its boat; the men get used to each other. They like the life; you couldn't drag them back to surface vessels. An ideal submarine crew works like a perfect machine. When we go out,

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you'll see that we give our orders by klaxon. There's too much noise for the voice. Suppose I had popped up on the surface right under the very nose of one of those destroyer brutes. She might start to ram me; in which case I'd have not time to make recognition signals and would have to take my choice between getting rammed or depth-bombed. I decide to submerge, push a button, the klaxon gives a yell, and every man does automatically what he has been trained to do. A floods the tanks, B stands by the dynamos, C watches the depth gauges, and so on. That's what we call a crash dive."

"Over at the destroyer base," I said, "they told me that the Germans were having trouble because of lack of trained crews."

"You can just bet they are!" said the captain. "Must have lost several boats that way. Can't monkey with these boats; if somebody pulls a fool stunt—good-night!" He opened a gold watch and closed it again with a click. "Nine o'clock. Just time to shove off. Come up on the bridge until we get out in the bay."

I climbed the narrow ladder again and crept along the superstructure to the bridge, which rose for all the world like a little gray steel pulpit. One has to be reasonably surefooted. It was curious to emerge from the electric-lighted marvel to the sunlight of the bay, to the view of the wild mountains descending to the clear sea. It was like a dream glimpse into the future—a look into that marvelous mechanical, electric future which is certain to be that of humankind. The captain gave his orders. Faint, vague noises rose out of the hatchway. Sailors standing at various points along the superstructure cast off the mooring ropes and took in bumpers shaped like monstrous sausages of cord which had protected one bulging hull from another. The submarine went ahead as solemnly as a planet. Friendly faces leaned over the rail of the mother ship, high above.

Once out in the bay, I asked the second in command just what we were up to. The second in command was a well-knit youngster, with the coolest, most resolute blue eyes it has ever been my fortune to see.

"We're going to take shots at a British submarine, and then she's going to have a try at us. We don't really fire torpedoes, but maneuver for a position. Three shots apiece. There she is now, running on the surface. Just as soon as we get out to deep water we'll submerge and go for her. Great practice!"

A British submarine, somewhat larger than our American boat, was running down the bay, pushing curious little waves of water ahead of her. Several men stood on her deck.

"Nice boat, isn't she? Her captain's a great scout. About two months ago a patrol boat shot off his periscope *after* he made it reasonably clear he wasn't a Hun. You ought to hear him tell about it! Especially his opinion of patrol-boat captains. Great command of language. Bully fellow. Born submarine man."

"I meant to ask you if you weren't sometimes mistaken for a German," I said.

"Yes, it happens," he answered, coolly. "You haven't seen Smithie yet, have you? Guess he was away when you came. A bunch of destroyers almost murdered him last month. He's come the nearest to kissing himself good-by of any of us. Going to dive now; time to get under."

Once more down the steel ladder. I was getting used to it. The handful of sailors who had been on deck waited for us to pass. Within, the strong, somewhat peppery smell of hot oil from the Diesel engines floated, and there was to be heard a hard, powerful knocking-spitting sound from the same source. The hatch-cover was secured—a listener might have heard a steely thump and a grind as it closed. Trapped! Men stood calmly by the depth gauges and the valves. Not being a "crash dive," the feat of getting under was accomplished quietly—accomplished with no more fracas than accompanies the running of a motor car up to a door. One instant we were on the surface, the next instant we were under, and the lean black arrow on the broad moon-faced depth gauge was beginning to creep from ten to fifteen, from fifteen to twenty, from twenty to twenty-five. The clatter of the Diesel engine had ceased; in its place rose a low hum. And of course there was no alteration of light; nothing but that steady electric glow on those cold, clean, bulging walls.

"What's the programme now?"

"We are going down the bay a bit, put up our periscope, pick up the Britisher, and fire an imaginary tin fish at him. After each shot we come to the surface for an instant to let him know."

"What depth are we now?"

"Only fifty-five feet."

"What depth can you go?"

"The Navy regulations forbid our descending more than two hundred feet. Subs are always hiking around about fifty or seventy-five feet under—just deep enough to be well under the keel of anything going by."

"Where are we now?"

"Pretty close to the mouth of the bay. I'm going to shove up the periscope in a few minutes."

The captain gave an order, the arrow on the dial retreated towards the left.

"Keep her there." He applied his eye to the periscope. A strange, watery-green light poured out of the lens, and, focusing in his eye, lit the ball with wild demoniac glare. A consultation ensued between the captain and his junior.

"Do you see her?"

"Yes; she is in a line with that little white barn on the island—she's heading down the bay now. So many points this way" (this last a direction to the helmsman). "There she is—she's making about twelve—she's turning, coming back—steady—five—six—fire!"

There was a rush, a clatter, and a stir, and the boat rose evenly to the surface.

"Here, take a look at her," said the captain, pushing me towards the periscope. I fitted the eyepieces (they might have been those of field-glasses embedded in the tube) to my eyes, and beheld again the outer world—the kind of a world one might see in a crystal, a mirror world, a glass world, but a remarkably clear little world. And as I peered a drop of water cast up by some wave touched the outer lens of the tube, and a trickle big as a deluge slid down the visionary bay.

Twice again we "attacked" the Britisher. Her turn came. Our boat rose to the surface, and I was once more invited to accompany the captain to the bridge. The British boat lay far away across the inlet. We cruised about, watching her.

"There she goes." The Britisher sank like a stone in a pond. We continued our course. The two officers peered over the waters with young, searching, resolute eyes. Then they took to their binoculars.

"There she is," cried the captain, "in a line with the oak tree." I searched for a few minutes in vain. Suddenly I saw her; that is to say, I saw with a great deal of difficulty a small dark rod moving through the water. It came closer; I saw the hatpin-shaped trail behind it.

Presently with a great swirl and rolling of foam the Britisher pushed herself out of the water. I could see my young captain judging the performance in his eye. Then we played victim two more times and went home. On the way we discussed the submarine patrol. Now there is no more thrilling game in the world than the game of periscope vs. periscope.

"What do you do?" I asked.

"Just what you saw us do to-day. We pack up with grub and supplies, beat it out on the high seas, and wait for a Fritz to come along. We give him a taste of his own medicine; give him one more enemy to dodge. Suppose a Hun baffles the destroyers, makes off to a lonely spot and comes to the surface for a breath of air. There isn't a soul in sight, not a stir of smoke on the horizon. Just as Captain Otto or von Something is gloating over the last hospital ship he sunk, and thinking what a lovely afternoon it is, a tin fish comes for him like a bullet out of a gun, there comes a thundering pound, a vibration that sends little waves through the water, a great foul swirl, fragments of cork, and it's all over with the 'Watch on the Rhine.' Sometimes Fritz's torpedo meets ours on the way. Then once in a while a destroyer or a patriotic but misguided tramp makes things interesting for us. But it's the most wonderful service of all. I wouldn't give it up for anything. We're all going out day after to-morrow. Can't you cable London for permission to go? You'll like it. Don't believe anything you hear about the air getting bad. The principal nuisance when you've been under a long while is the cold; the boat gets as raw and damp as an unoccupied house in winter.

"Jingo, quarter past one! We'll be late for dinner."

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BOLSHEVISM AND APPLIED ANTI-BOLSHEVISM

BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT

AT this moment the Bolsheviki are the most dangerous enemies of Russia and of democracy and the most serviceable tools of the militaristic and capitalistic German autocracy. Their American representatives, who range from the Germanized Socialists, the leaders of the Non-Partisan League, the professional pacifists and so-called internationalists, to the I. W. W. and Anarchists and bomb-throwers and dynamiters and "direct action" men generally, lack only the power, but not the will, to play a similar part.

This seems an incongruous assembly. But every Bolshevist movement always contains crack-brained fanatics and foolish, simple people cheek by jowl with the sinister advocates of "direct action." It is folly to show these "direct action" people any consideration. Their purpose is to inspire terror by murder. They use the term "direct action," but they mean murder. Blatant Anarchists of this type are miscreants and criminals. We ought to stamp them out by exerting the full power of the law in the sternest and most vigorous fashion against them and their sympathizers before, and not merely after, murder is committed. All radical democrats whose democracy is genuine must join in relentless opposition to these men, who are at this moment rather more dangerous foes to liberty and democracy in the United States than the worst Bourbon reactionaries themselves.

In Russia we see before our eyes how professed anti-militarists and peace-at-any-price men may become the especial apostles of murder. The Russian Bolshevists are the paid or unpaid allies of Prussian autocracy. Similarly, there is often an underhanded agreement in this country between the corrupt capitalist and the lawless demagogue or agitator; the kind of agreement or common action that existed at one time in San Francisco between corrupt politicians and capitalists and violent labor leaders, as shown by Francis Heney in the famous graft prosecutions.

Most certainly we must not forget our indignation against the profiteers or the exploiting capitalists in our indignation against the "direct action" men. Sometimes it is a profiteering corporation which was most to blame. Elsewhere it is the lawless leaders of misled workmen. We should act with as stern and prompt efficiency against one type of wrong-doer as against the other, and *then we should remedy the conditions which cause the wrong-doing*. The worst possible course is to refuse to punish the lawlessness of the I. W. W. and yet to leave unremedied the wrongs done by exploiting and profiteering capitalism. Put down the lawlessness and remedy the wrongs.

Every wise movement for progress in our country must be as free from taint of subserviency to the red flag gentry as from taint of subserviency to predatory and labor-exploiting or farm-exploiting capitalism.

Nothing is easier than to make rhetorical addresses on behalf of humanity and to write little uplift and social reform books and pamphlets and articles; but what counts is reducing the principles to practice by the service test, the test of trial and error, the test which has to take into account actual conditions and the unpleasant, no less than the pleasant, facts of human nature; and this is very hard.

Each of us can probably furnish some illuminating illustrations of these truths out of his own experience. Here is one such. The country region in which I live during the last forty years has changed from an almost purely farming, fishing, and oystering neighborhood into one where city families of moderate means and some families of wealth spend their summers. When I was a boy, there were so few places with a shore front that they were negligible. The owners of these few places built docks as a matter of course. Clam-diggers went along the shores as they pleased. Farmers occasionally came down to the shore in summer for clam-bakes and bathing picnics. Oystermen and seiners or duckers kept their boats near their own docks or those of their friends. The shore was but little used by all of these persons taken together; and nobody looked far enough ahead to provide against trouble in the future.

A railway came in. City people bought places with a shore front. Gradually almost all the shore front was taken up by adjacent owners, who naturally and properly wished access to the water, and built docks. They used the shore continually, whereas the clammers and picnickers used it very little. Many of them in no way interfered with the clammers. A few did, showing a disregard or ignorance of what they were doing. The picnickers were inevitably hampered, largely because some of them behaved—as Professor Hornaday, of the New York Zoo, remarked of certain slovenly and selfish holiday-makers—"like so many little pigs," leaving a filthy litter behind them; and without some kind of overseer or police arrangement it was impossible to discriminate between the well-behaved and the ill-behaved.

For years the townspeople declined to take any action to secure the just rights which a few of them had occasionally enjoyed. Then the selfish misconduct of one or two property-owners who sought to deny all proper access to their beaches roused a feeling which manifested itself in a foolish and vicious effort—at one time a mob effort—to destroy the docks and thereby prevent the property-owners themselves from having any means of access to their sailboats. The motive seemed to be less to secure their own rights than to interfere with those of whom they were jealous. Recourse to the law finally settled the right of the property-owners to these docks and their duty to keep openings in the docks so that the clammers and the rare wayfarers along the beach would not be interfered with.

But this did not help the picnickers and those farmers or villagers who occasionally wished to come to the beach for bathing or boating. A few public-spirited persons, therefore, started a movement for a park, with a long stretch of beach, on which public and private boat-houses and bath-houses could be erected. Various rich and well-to-do persons, none of whom would ever have used the park, agreed to furnish half the money if the town would furnish the other half. It was voted on at the next election.

I rode down to the polls with a friend, a hired man—a good, upright, hard-working citizen, who lives some miles away from the water, who owns a small property, and is therefore a small taxpayer. After voting I found that our two votes had neutralized each other: he voted against the park; and the park proposition was beaten *by the votes of the smaller taxpayers who lived inland and from among whom the chief beneficiaries of the park would have come*. These men had felt vaguely jealous of the richer property-owners near the water, and had sympathized with the movement to interfere with them; but they were not willing to incur the small expense necessary in order to establish such collective ownership of a portion of the water-front as would enable them to enjoy their rights along it.

Now the people who thus voted were my friends and neighbors; good people in all the ordinary relations of life. The trouble was that they had not developed the look-ahead power—very few of us have developed it to the degree that assuredly will be necessary in this country. Therefore they unconsciously played into the hands, first, of those few property-owners who selfishly and arrogantly ignored the rights of others, and afterwards of the few persons of Bolsheviki type whose actions were dictated primarily by a kind of malevolent jealousy, who cared far less to benefit those who were not well off than to do something that would be distasteful and injurious to those who were better off.

The exact antithesis to this type of shortsightedness is found in such a development as the wonderful Palisades Park, adjoining New York City. In 1900, in order to save the beauty of the Palisades and prevent their being exploited by private greed, the New York Legislature created an unpaid commission, of which George W. Perkins was made head and of which he has been the guiding spirit ever since. They started with an appropriation of ten thousand dollars. They secured the co-operation of New Jersey with New York State. They secured public appropriations of about three millions and public contributions of about four millions. They have worked incessantly for years without a dollar's reward for themselves. They gradually developed the most extraordinary park of the kind in the world. It occupies a space of over twenty square miles. All the natural beauties have been preserved. There are fine automobile drives.

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But the main effort has been to make the park of use to persons of small or moderate means who would pay merely what their privileges actually cost. There are tents and shanties by beautiful lakes in which families can spend a fortnight and enjoy wonderful scenery and excellent fishing. There is a working-girls' summer home in which working-girls can get a fortnight's holiday with all kinds of enjoyment for fourteen dollars—the ordinary amount for a vacation with pay. On the narrow beach at the foot of the Palisades there are in summer camped many thousands of people, in tents, who cross the river to the city by jitney boats, so that the breadwinner can go back and forth. The picturesque Bear Mountain Inn, where excellent food is given at cost prices, is visited by thousands of people every Sunday during the season; all of the privileges, such as boating on the little lake near by, are run by the public authorities, without a profit for any one.

There could be no better illustration of efficient collective action of immense benefit to the people as a whole; collective action by the representatives of the public under the lead of public-spirited private citizens keenly alive to their duties, privileges, and opportunities as members of the American commonwealth. Such action represents applied Anti-Bolshevism.

ART, ROMANCE, AND WAR

BY JOSEPH H. ODELL

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE OUTLOOK IN FRANCE

EACH day records the same resolution: When the war is over and peace returns to this fair land, I shall come again to this rare old city, to these wayside shrines, to these gracious landscapes. To-day France is fevered and hectic and the clang and roar of the world's grimmest enterprise are too ubiquitous, too continuous. Here I am in noble Dijon, the city of the Dukes of Burgundy, the province in which liberty was full grown and belligerent before she was cradled elsewhere, and while America was still shrouded from view by the ominous Atlantic fogs. The men of Dijon fought the Romans and helped to stem the progress of the Goths; they resisted the Saracens gallantly in 737, and the Norsemen in 888; they antagonized the French kings for nearly four centuries. They had one of the few parliaments of Europe from time immemorial, and the representatives of the people were always famous for jealousy of their political rights. When, in 1625, Francis I was a prisoner in Madrid, he offered Burgundy as a ransom to Charles V, but the President of Parliament resented the change of suzerainty, saying, "We will never obey masters we have not chosen."

Even in war time Dijon retains reminiscences which carry one back to quieter days. Bernard of Clairvaux was born in a castle overlooking the city, and Bossuet first saw the light in one of its quaint, high-gabled streets; Claus Sluter made the city a center of art in the fourteenth century, and Rude carried the tradition to its zenith in the early nineteenth century. But now the predominating tone is khaki and the prevailing note is haste. Our men are everywhere—quiet, independent, self-respecting, and square-shouldered fellows, who fit tolerably well into the picture. At least they synchronize with the most persistent traditions. For the traditions which persist in any given place from age to age are those which have a spiritual quality—love of liberty, reverence, devotion to truth, and sensitiveness to honor.

All the turmoil of France is on the surface; vast camps springing up in a night, roads thronged with endless convoys of motor transport, rails kept hot with trains of troops and supplies, airplanes roaring skyward like titanic bees. Everywhere there are American soldiers in squads, platoons, battalions. They splinter into ones and twos in the cities, and one rarely sees more than a battalion at any moment, even near the front. But the general impression is that they have slopped all over France, spraying and splashing even the remotest spots. Within an hour of the time I reached Dijon I was starting out with a moving-picture operator for a distant hill section. We had a Ford truck which seemed to be afflicted with asthma, rickets, St. Vitus's dance, and the blind staggers, all at once. Forty-four miles of rutty, ribby, rocky road had to be covered in two hours, but we did it; when the machine stopped, I felt bathed in a sublime sea of silence, so great was the relief. Our objective was a sawmill, where a company of two hundred and fifty men, representing every State in the Union except Florida, were getting out lumber for docks, railway ties, and barracks. Of course it was part of the war—a prosaic, lonely, inglorious part, but the war could not continue without it. Every one on earth had forgotten that unit except the Army Supply Department and the Y. M. C. A. They lived embowered in the woods, more remote from civilization than if they had been in the heart of the Adirondacks; working in two shifts, they kept the mill running twenty hours out of every twenty-four; they had never seen a German, and never would; they had no band, no flags, no parades, no consolations and compensations of human society; they were an uncharted island of commonplace industry far removed from the stirring currents of war. But the Y. M. C. A. had discovered them, as it had hundreds of other isolated units throughout France, and had sent out a Saturday evening movie to touch the week of dreariness with a final hour of cheer. Never anywhere was grand opera or high drama more fully appreciated than that movie in the Y tent at the end of nowhere. When our perambulating junk-heap, held together by a special providence, arrived at the camp, the men sent up a mighty cheer; all through the performance they vented the most pungent comments upon the various dramatic situations on the screen; at the close they thanked us without limit for bringing out the show, and the captain quite frankly said that he would get quite ten per cent more lumber out of his mill to-morrow as a sequence to our visit. Also we left a supply of tobacco, cakes, soap, and other sundries to be sold in the canteen, and a gratuitous supply of baseballs, bats, and mitts for their sports.

No one can imagine the trip back to Dijon. We wheezed and groaned and snorted and ricocheted over forty-four miles or more of vague and tortuous and dangerous roads; thrice we lost our way; once we waited for half an hour in a frantic effort to awaken the keeper of the gates at a railway grade crossing; we lost another half-hour at an intervening lumber camp trying to locate a Y. M. C. A. man who was to return to Dijon with us; we had a tire blow-out, engine trouble, and a shortage of gasoline; but we plowed onward through the darkness and uncertainty and arrived at Dijon at 2 A.M., after having covered eighty-eight miles (not counting digressions owing to misdirection) in order to give two hundred and fifty American soldiers a moving-picture show. That is simply one of the thousand etchings of the Y. M. C. A. in France.

Sunday, the day following, happened to be July 14, the French festival of independence. Throughout France it was celebrated heartily by the Americans in a spirit of national and spiritual reciprocity. At a great Y. M. C. A. hut in a huge supply camp I heard an American college president give an address to several hundred soldiers on the parallel between the French struggle for independence and our own. It was an exposition sound in historical facts and true in deep, soul-uniting emotion. The audience responded promptly to point after point, and at the close showed its complete approval by vigorous applause. But the thing which impressed me most during the day was a visit to one of our base hospitals. There I found the early heroes of our championship for world-wide freedom—men in wheel-chairs, on crutches, with arms in slings, groping with bandaged eyes, or waiting cheerfully and confidently in bed for the triumph of scientific skill and gentle, patient nursing. And five times in less than an hour men drew from their pockets the most sacred and glorious of their possessions—photographs of loved ones at home.

Napoleon said that an army moves on its stomach, and perhaps it is true; but my experience persuades me that our

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American boys bear exile, endure privation, perform miracles of endurance, and carry out unsurpassed prodigies of valor upon the photographs they carry under their coats. Simple, natural, unsophisticated boys they are—all of them, from officers in high command to buck privates—who unblushingly bring out those pictures after a moment's intercourse, and without the preliminaries of established friendship. Call it what you like, smile if you will, drop a tear if you cannot restrain it, sneer if you are crudely *blasé* or unutterably coarse, but nevertheless I contend that it is the divinest thing that a man can do, thus to uncover his innermost soul to any one who is decent enough to show even the slightest trace of sympathy. In spite of everything—our Broadways, our cocktails, our State universities, our "New Republic" magazines, our Pullman cars, and our bizarre churches—the American personnel in France, from general to private, is very elemental, very childlike, and almost divinely pure-minded. Somehow, I do not know why, but it strikes me more forcibly every day that our men are an army of the children of God fighting for the kingdom of heaven on earth. Because they are unsophisticated they do not know it and would be amazed to hear it, but such seems to be true.

The same spirit reaches upward and outward in many surprising ways. At this base hospital I found the Army chaplain and the Y. M. C. A. secretary occupying a room together. They came from different parts of the country, they had inherited widely different ecclesiastical traditions, had been trained in different kinds of theology, represented different denominations, and were of manifestly different temperaments; but in that one generous ministry to the wounded men they had been bathed in an obliterating sympathy, and they agreed that when they returned to America they hoped to be co-ministers of the same church for the rest of their lives. Only the vitally essential things count out here.

Not far from Dijon is the most unique accessory of modern warfare—the camouflage camp or factory. I suppose that it would be unpardonable to tell in detail what I saw there. It must suffice to say that hundreds of the cleverest artists, illustrators, stage-managers, architects, and engineers of America have their headquarters here, and their part of the multiform struggle is to devise the means whereby the Hun can be outwitted, confused, and cheated of his objective. War is no longer a matter of waving banners and shining armor, but of surprise and deception. These camouflagists are able to create anything from a fake boulder to a simulated stretch of landscape. And it is really art, so realistic in design and detail that the observer is often deceived even though he is near by and has been warned. After a period in camp the artists and stage-managers and engineers take turns in going to the front, where they superintend the erection of their numerous deceptions and make drawings and designs for others.

In the camp there are between four and five hundred women workers—some from Dijon, many from the invaded and devastated regions, and a few from Belgium. They do the weaving and dyeing and cutting. As not a few of them have lost loved ones in the war, they understand perfectly the value of camouflage, and therefore work vigorously. It is hard work and dirty work, and the dye and paint have an unwholesome effect upon the system. A medical officer looks after their health, and the Y. M. C. A. has jumped out of bounds in establishing a hut and assigning workers for these women. Chocolate and wholesome foods are provided for meals, places for rest and diversion are near at hand, entertainments are arranged in which the camouflage artists lay themselves out to amuse the weary but indefatigable women, and everything possible is done to humanize the conditions of labor. The place is as far from a sweat-shop as one can imagine, but it was curious to find the Young Men's Christian Association doing this unique work for French women; and it is another example of what an institution may become amid the exigencies of war.

What whimsical characters one meets out here! It was a very hot noon, and I was messing with the enlisted men in a tent which seemed to draw and hold all the heat of the sun in that one place. Next to me sat a little corporal from the Pacific coast, and he had a mind so nimble, in spite of the torrid temperature, that he completely exhausted me. But he had an idea—an idea which filled him with enthusiasm. We walked out together and talked the idea through in the open air with the ravishing slopes of the Côte d'Or stretching away on every side. He did not seem particularly anxious to kill Germans or to save democracy; he had no consuming desire to become a general or to win glorious victories; he simply wanted to start a Sunday-school theater on his return home. He told me of the dreary Sunday schools he had been forced to attend in childhood, and how they had all but killed his religious faculties and instincts; he was not a churchman—indeed, he never, or rarely, attended a religious service, although he loved the stillness and the solemn grandeur of the French cathedrals; but he saw all kinds of possibilities in a dramatic presentation of Scripture to children—educational, ethical, and spiritual possibilities. He sketched what could be done with Joseph, Daniel, David, Esther, Peter, and others on the stage, in a simple way, for children, during the hour now spent in futile Sunday-school pedagogics, under the very roof of the church. "We would make the children re-live all those marvelous episodes," he said; "we could so weave them into their imaginations that both the form and the lesson would never be forgotten. And the Church ought to do it," he continued. "Once the Church did run the theater, and when the two parted company the Church lost one of its most valuable instrumentalities." I hope the passion will not die out and that my little corporal will return home after the war and establish his Sunday-school theater.

One of the most discouraging aspects of Y. M. C. A. work is the difficulty of obtaining necessary supplies. With every available ship carrying troops and military stores, the Y. M. C. A. is able to get only a fraction of what it should have for its canteens and huts. Here in Dijon I found a practical solution of the problem. What could not be imported from home must be made on the spot. They are ingenious and persistent creatures, these Y men; not one in a hundred is doing the same kind of work he did at home and for which he was trained; none of them seems to have any idea that there is anything in the world that cannot be done if one has the will to do it. Being unable to obtain baseball bats, they had the lumber cut and kiln-dried it in a bread bakery, then they turned it and polished it; short of mitts, they set the local harness-makers to sewing them; finding an unappeasable hunger for American chocolate candy, they started a factory to manufacture it; they made contracts with near-by pastry-cooks and bakers to make American cookies and macaroons and crackers on a big scale; finding no guide to Dijon, one of the lady secretaries, Miss Evelyn Warner Brainerd, compiled and published one in English; needing vegetables, the secretaries leased and planted a large garden. It is not American courage or wealth which most impresses the natives here, but American inventiveness, resourcefulness, and ability to get things done quickly.

France will prove to be the starting-point of a liberal education to many of our American soldiers. The majority of them seem to appreciate the best things readily. Dijon has a museum full of rare treasures which art critics travel hundreds of miles to visit. One of the Y. M. C. A. secretaries has made the museum a part of the Y's educational programme. Every day he leads groups of serious-faced boys through the galleries of the ancient palace; points out and explains the statuary of Claus Sluter, Sambin, Dubois, and Rude; leads them to the famous paintings of Rubens, Bellini, Bartolommeo, Lotto, da Vinci, Andrea del Sarto, Frans Hals, Holbein, Greuze, Teniers, and a score of other masters; gives them some local history beside the exquisitely carved tombs of the Dukes of Burgundy; takes them to the cases containing the rarest enamel jewelry in the world; and gives the periods of the richly carved furniture. I went around with him and a group of enlisted men, most of them from country districts in the Western States, and I was amazed at their intelligent interest and their keen, if unconventional, comments. The visit costs the men nothing, as the entrance charges are paid by the Y. M. C. A. Thousands of men will carry through life the impression made upon them by those priceless treasures, and the Y. M. C. A., although this is but a tiny part of its work here, will make a large contribution to the culture of America. I asked the Y secretary how he came to do it. "How?" he said. "Why, it is the only thing to do. We are here to serve the boys, and how better can we serve them than by putting them into contact with the richest art treasures

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of the ages?" Later I found by inquiry that that secretary is a well-to-do Boston business man who is always equally ready to wash dishes, expound art, teach the Bible, or straighten out money difficulties for the boys at any time, by day or night. He is devoting his time, strength, money, and very heart to aiding our soldiers during their stay in France, and he asks absolutely nothing in return, not even thanks.

Following hard upon my visit to the Dijon Museum, I went to the bakery where a thousand United States Army bakers do nothing but make bread twenty-four hours to the day. Good bread it is, too; clean, palatable, and white—such bread as Americans have not known at home for many a month. No one will begrudge our men the very best with every atom of nutrition that nature has stored in the finest of the wheat. They earn it every day in this foreign land, far from home, in the midst of strangers, confronted by a hundred perils, working to the limit of human endurance; they earn it, and must have it. It was a stunt night at the bakery under the supervision of the Y. M. C. A. The piano was moved from the hut to the ball-ground, canvas covered an arena carefully marked by ropes, three or four hundred men and a dozen officers sat around the ring. First the piano struck a popular air, and every one sang; this was followed by a three-round boxing match; a violinist played "The End of a Perfect Day," "Humoresque," and a whimsical melody I did not recognize; a vigorous wrestling bout was next pulled off; then, as a stranger newly arrived from home, I was asked to speak, and I told them of the utter and absolute confidence America has that our Army will finally put the Kaiser and Kaiserism on the scrap-heap. The evening closed with every one singing "The Long Trail."

Who can help asking himself: What is this Y. M. C. A. which teaches Bible classes, conducts mass singing, follows the boys everywhere with little luxuries, superintends athletics, leads men into the treasure-house of art, provides educational facilities, plays banker to hundreds of thousands of men, establishes business enterprises on the drop of the hat, fathers and mothers a million of homesick men, acts as a circulating library, keeps the dear bonds of love firm by providing a million soldiers with the facilities for writing home, preaches to them, prays with them, plays with them, suffers with them, and does it all in the name of the One who taught the law of human service—what is this Y. M. C. A.? At present I cannot answer the question; my head whirls with the things I have seen, such dissimilar and divergent things, and wrought out upon a scale that is fairly staggering. America will have to answer the question, the whole world will, for it is something we have never seen before, and it marks an epoch of spiritual significance just as startling as the Crusades, the Franciscan movement, the Reformation, or the rise of Puritanism. It holds within itself potentialities sufficient to cause the mightiest reactions and readjustments of thought and emotion, and from this time onward the Christian world must move in new channels. He would be a bold man who should try to predict the direction.

July 26, 1918.

AMERICA TO DEVASTATED FRANCE

DEDICATED TO THE AMERICAN COMMITTEE FOR DEVASTATED FRANCE

BY THEODOSIA GARRISON

That which hate has blasted love shall lift again.
(Trust us when we tell you that this thing shall be.)
The new-grown orchards shall lift to sun and rain
And the new vines clamber to the stanch roof-tree.

That which hate has blighted love shall raise to bloom;
(Trust us when we tell you the promise shall be kept.)
Candle-light and hearth-light and that familiar room
That all your heart remembered and your sad eyes wept.

That which hate has taken, that will love restore.
(Trust us when we tell you that our word is true.)
The lights of home shall beckon within an opened door.
Oh, weary ones, turn back again, the board is spread for you!

ALL THE COMFORTS OF HOME

WHAT THE ARMY ENGINEER CORPS HAS DONE FOR THE MEN IN THE TRAINING CAMPS

BY FRANCIS LYNDE

WHEN Jeff Bledsoe, Tennessee mountaineer, caught untamed on Chilhowee Bald and certified by his draft board as fit material for the National Army, was railroaded to his designated cantonment, it was quite within the possibilities that he had never before ridden in a railway train, had never dreamed of modern housing conveniences, and, excepting on "First Monday" court days in his isolated mountain county seat, had never seen as many as a hundred of his fellow-citizens together at one time and in one place.

It was quite as likely that Jeff hadn't heard of the great war; or, if he had, it was only by word of mouth, and with no graspable notion of what it was all about. One of the many Jeffs landed at Camp Jackson, wary-eyed, reticent, sullen. To the usual enrolling questions—age, nationality, place of residence, and former occupation—he was dumb. The questioner in this instance happened to be a Reserve officer and a Southerner fairly well acquainted with the Jeffs and their limitations.

"What is the matter with you?" he asked. "Why don't you answer the questions?"

"I ain't sayin' nothin'," was the stubborn reply. "Ef you-uns got ary thing ag'inst me, I 'low ye got to prove hit."

A light dawned upon the officer.

"Tell me—where do you think you are?" he queried.

"I reckon hit's a cou't, ain't it? Ain't you-uns the revenuers?"

The officer explained. The cantonment was not a court, and Jeff had not been summoned to answer to a charge of making "moonshine" whisky. The country was at war, and he had been selected as a fighting man—a soldier.

"Huh!" said Jeff, the sullenness vanishing like the dew on a July morning; "I allowed hit was a cou't. I ain't afeard to fight. Git me a gun, cap'n, an' I'll projec' round an' brung you in one o' them Dutchies afore sundown. I shore kin shoot some!"

It goes without saying that Jeff had little trouble on the rifle range, in spite of the fact that the modern high-power infantry arm was a violent change from his old model '73 Winchester at home. He and his kind are natural-born riflemen. It was in barracks that he found the greatest number of surprises. To be housed in a building with some two hundred of his fellows; to have lights that he couldn't look at without blinking, and that refused to be blown out with his breath; to have water at the

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touch of a spigot and without having to carry it half a mile in a bucket from the nearest spring; to be required to get himself wet all over at stated periods in an up-to-the-minute cantonment bath-house; to have some new definition of the "furrin" word "sanitation" thrust upon him and hammered into him at every turn; these, indeed, were innovations as startling to him as they would have been to the blanket Indian whose successor he was in the mountain wilds.

The building of the great cantonments and their equipment with the modern necessities and conveniences has passed into history, but the history still makes interesting reading. In the building period, or at the close of it, America patted itself hilariously on the back and applauded vociferously at the spectacle of all speed records smashed, of miracles wrought at the mere waving of the magician's—or the engineer's or contractor's—wand. But of the technical difficulties met and surmounted at breakneck speed or of the modern completeness of these vast camp cities the average citizen living at a distance from his nearest cantonment can have little conception.

Figures are always rather desolating to anybody but a statistician, but it is only by means of them that the big generalities can be taken in. The standard cantonment city, if its buildings and spacings were arranged in a straight line, would be well over three miles long—would reach, say, from the Battery to Madison Square. To shorten this magnificent distance it is usually built in the form of the letter U, with its train areas at the closed end of the letter, the whole covering a space of about sixteen long city blocks one way by eighteen short ones the other. These, of course, are only the average dimensions. They have been varied in some of the sixteen cantonments to fit the topography and the shape of the reservation, and increased in others—as at Camp Meade, where the building area alone is about two miles by three.

With a few exceptions, these camp cities were built upon non-productive land, and at some distance from the nearest city or transportation center, which meant a prodigious lot of preliminary work in the way of land-clearing, drainage, forest-cutting, and road-building, both of the rail and wagon variety. Fort Oglethorpe alone among the Southern camps (and it is not, strictly speaking, a National Army cantonment) offered a ready-made site in Chickamauga Park, the Civil War battleground owned by the Government; but it was at the moment lacking an adequate water supply for the number of men and animals to be assembled.

The unit of the cantonment—which is uniform in size and construction in all of the camps—is the barrack. This home of the soldier in training, the standard two-hundred-man barrack, is a wooden building one hundred and twenty feet long, forty-three feet wide, and two stories high, with a low-pitched roof covered with some one of the patented fire-resistant sheet roofings.

At one end there is a twenty-foot one-storied kitchen extending the full width of the building. Half of the lower story of the barrack serves as a mess-hall, furnished with tables and bench seats for two hundred men; twenty feet more of it is the company hall, entrance, and stairway; and the remainder and the entire upper story is filled with bunks and lockers for the soldiers' use.

The erection record for this barrack unit—it has been in the headlines, but it will bear repeating for the credit of America—was made at Camp Pike, near Little Rock, Arkansas. Work began, setting the foundation posts, at 9 A.M.; building completed, scaffoldings down, litter cleared away, doors hung, window screens fitted, and workmen out and gone at 11:55. Beat it if you can.

When you have seen one of these barracks, you have seen them all; and they are numbered by the hundreds—not figuratively, but literally. In Camp Lewis alone there are 144 of them; and, in addition, enough other buildings—administration, warehouses, officers' quarters, commissaries, stables, and the like—to make a total of about twelve hundred.

The building of the barracks and other cantonment structures was a contractor's job—always under the watchful eye of a constructing quartermaster—and the speed at which they were evolved left little room for criticism and won its just meed of praise at the time of its accomplishment. But of the purely engineering problems—the watering, lighting, heating, and sanitation—of these great camp cities less has been written. And it is these that add the home comforts and safeguards to health.

In all of the locations selected an ample, pure-source water supply was the first consideration; ample, because the American Army allowance in a camp designed to shelter a division, with the proper proportion of infantry, cavalry, artillery, and engineers, with their respective trains and animal equipment, is fifty-five gallons a day per man—nearly double that of the European Allies.

The water sources vary in the different camps. Chickamauga (Fort Oglethorpe) uses Chattanooga city water drawn from the Tennessee River and forced through ten miles of mains, with a powerful electrically driven booster pump at the half-way point to help the flow over the hills of Missionary Ridge. Camp Gordon has Atlanta city water, also pushed through ten miles of pressure mains. Camp Lee uses Petersburg city water; Camp Taylor, that from the municipally owned Louisville waterworks. Camp Dix's engineers first contemplated a supply drawn from artesian wells, but the fine sand underlying the camp site threatened to obstruct the flow; hence the New Jersey's camp supply is drawn from Rancocas Creek. Camp Lewis, at American Lake, Washington, takes its water partly from wells and partly from immense springs flowing into the lake. Upton, Fort Dodge, Sherman, and others depend upon wells, either dug, bored, or driven.

The magnitude of some of the self-contained water plants where no supply was obtainable from a near-by city can best be shown by another dip into figures. At Camp Dodge a well sixty feet in diameter and thirty-three feet deep was dug by machinery—a steel derrick operating a clam-shell grab-bucket. The plant contains three huge pumps driven by electric motors, each pump with a capacity of one thousand gallons a minute against a head of two hundred and fifty feet. There is a million-gallon concrete reservoir on top of a ridge, and to carry the water up to it there are four-fifths of a mile of sixteen-inch wood-stave pipe; and all this as a mere preliminary to the miles of trenching and pipe-laying for the distribution of the water in the camp areas. Some job to be done while you wait! And that is precisely the way it was done.

For water-service conveniences the camp city has as many as any other kind of city: fire hydrants all over the place, bubbler drinking stations where they will do the most good, watering-troughs for the live stock, pressure systems in the kitchens, pressure hot-water systems for the bath-houses in cold weather, and for each barrack good bathing facilities and a lavatory. Aside from cautionary warnings against needless waste, there is no restriction placed upon the use of water. And as a matter of course where filtration or chemical purification is needed it was provided for.

This brings in Jeff again—this filtration business; not the mountaineer Jeff this time, but another one hailing from the bottom lands of the Red River, where the normal color of the streams is a fine shade of buckskin écru. Jeff, arriving weary and with his tongue like a dry chip in his mouth at Camp Pike, asked for a drink of water. Steered to the nearest "bubbler," he stared long and disappointedly at the crystal-clear output. Then he shook his head and turned away. "That thar ain't water," he said, reproachfully. "Reckon I know water when I see it. Water's yaller."

Hand in hand with an abundant water supply in the cantonment goes a complete and well-designed sewerage system. I asked a constructing quartermaster how thoroughly this sewering process had been carried out.

"To a finish," he said. "The day of the camp latrine, even in its most carefully sealed form, has practically passed, and with it—and with the serum inoculations and the abolition of camp garbage dumps, flies, and mosquitoes—the twin camp scourges, typhoid and dysentery, have disappeared so far as they were owing to camp conditions."

"But you do have them now and then," I ventured.

"Only when they are brought here."

This particular quartermaster officer had had a large and varied experience in the cantonments in his specialty, which is sanitary engineering, and I asked him to tell me about

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CURRENT EVENTS ILLUSTRATED

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MOTORLESS SUNDAY ON FIFTH AVENUE—TO WIN THE WAR, THE HORSE COMES BACK WHERE THE CAR HAS BEEN SUPREME

(C) PRESS ILLUSTRATING SERVICE

A TRUCK-LOAD OF POSSIBLE SLACKERS ON THEIR WAY TO AN ARMORY TO HAVE THEIR RECORDS INVESTIGATED

(C) PRESS ILLUSTRATING SERVICE

A ZEALOUS YOUNG SAILOR INSPECTING A WORKMAN'S REGISTRATION CARD

INCIDENTS OF THE CAMPAIGNS FOR SAVING GASOLINE AND DISCOURAGING SLACKERS IN NEW YORK CITY

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WESTERN NEWSPAPER UNON SERVICE. AUSTRALIAN OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH

THE STREETS OF BAPAUME, ONE OF THE IMPORTANT FRENCH TOWNS JUST RETAKEN BY THE ALLIES

(c) COMMITTEE ON PUBLIC INFORMATION

MEN OF THE FIRST DIVISION, U. S. ARMY, EXAMINING GERMAN PRISONERS—A RECENT PICTURE

These prisoners are being searched primarily for important papers, and are incidentally being relieved of concealed knives, matches, etc. Many scenes like this have been enacted in the great counter-offensive

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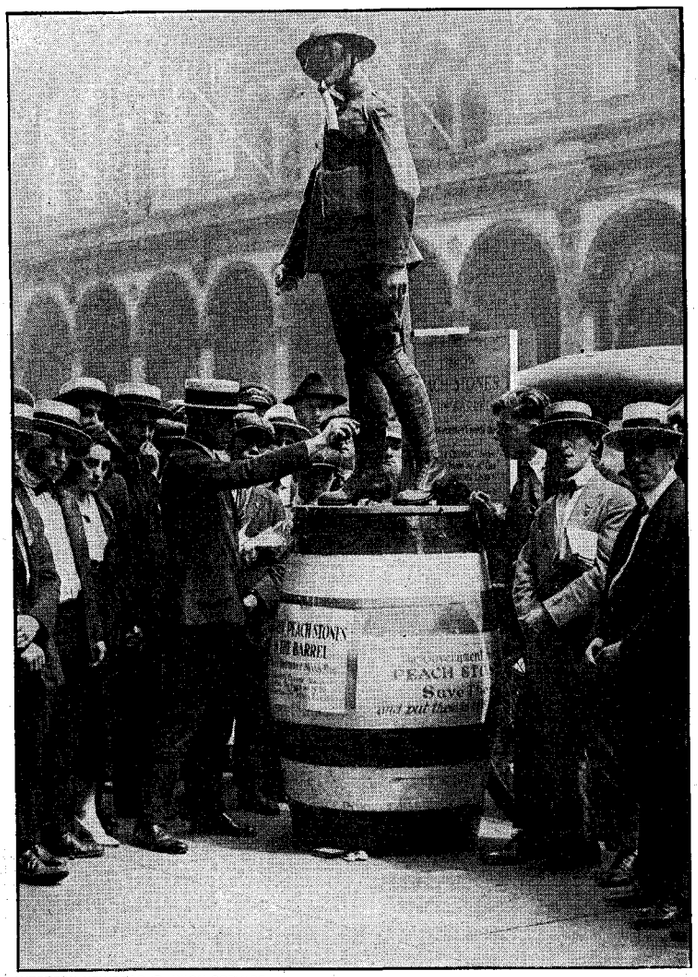
(C) INTERNATIONAL FILM SERVICE

SHIPYARD WORKERS RECEIVING HONOR MEDALS

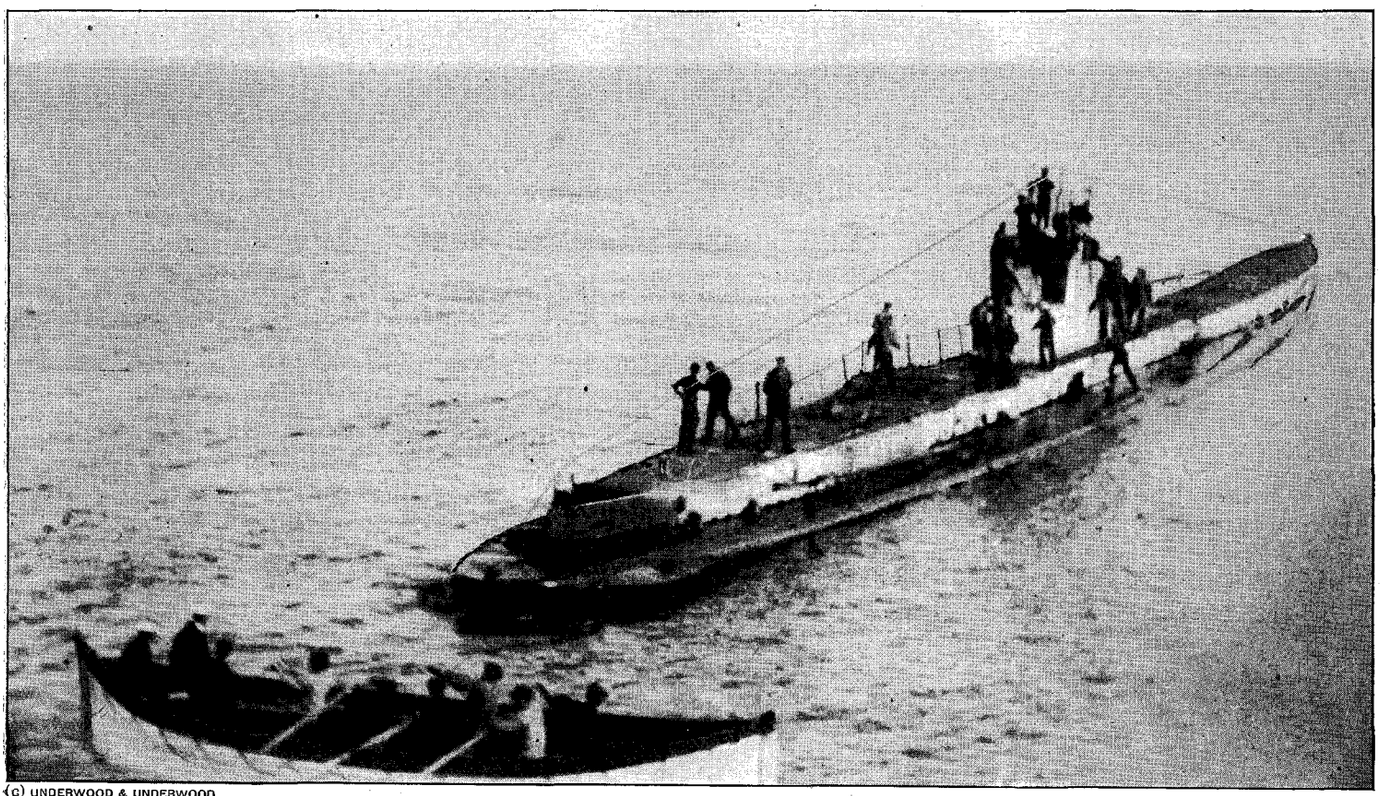
Diligent workers on our new ships are deserving of medals just as are the heroes at the front. The picture shows workers on the cargo ships Bologan and Bugaya receiving badges of honor when the ships were launched



WESTERN NEWSPAPER UNION SERVICE

SAVING PEACH-STONES TO HELP SOLDIERS

Peach-stones are used in making a charcoal powder to counteract the effect of poison gas. The picture, taken in a New York street, shows how they are being collected for use by the Government



(C) UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

A GERMAN SUBMARINE HOLDS UP A DUTCH STEAMER AND EXAMINES HER PAPERS

The photograph was taken from the deck of the Dutch liner New Amsterdam, which had been stopped by the submarine off the Norwegian coast. The steamer's officers are seen in the lifeboat; they have taken the ship's papers to show to the commander of the submarine. The U-boat, it is reported, disappeared almost instantly when it sighted a vessel on the horizon, which was probably a British cruiser

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the various methods of sewage disposal. He had the data at his tongue's end.

"Over half of the cantonments have the most approved methods: septic tank and chlorination, the tanks with intermittent or trickling or sprinkling filters. Some few drain direct into watercourses which are not the source of any water supply. Camp Lewis drains into Puget Sound; Camp Taylor, into the city sewerage system of Louisville. This one"—we were at Fort Oglethorpe at the moment—"has septic tanks and sprinklers, and the effluent, which is entirely inoffensive, goes into Chickamauga Creek."

Not less complete than the water and sewerage systems in the cantonment cities are the lighting and power installations. Wherever it was possible the electric current has been taken from the nearest central source; otherwise, self-contained plants have been built. The camp cities are generously lighted, both as to building and as to the streets and areas. The familiar incandescent is everywhere, and there is current to spare for power uses besides: for electric fans, for the driving of pumps and laundry machinery, for the refrigerating plant, for hospital ventilating systems, and the like. In at least one of the camp cities I saw the men getting the regulation hair-cut with electrically operated clippers.

Next to good housing, pure water, proper sewerage, and efficient light comes the need for winter warmth, subsidiary to the other requirements only in the Southern cantonments. As to the methods employed, climatic conditions govern. In the warmer zone the barracks are heated by stoves in the lower story, with stovepipe drums in the upper. Where the winter temperatures run lower, central or individual low-pressure steam plants furnish the heat; thousands of boilers, more thousands of radiators, miles of piping. The heating plants are under the supervision of the superintendent of buildings and grounds, a Q. M. C. captain who reports to the officer in charge of all utilities—a Q. M. C. major. The three superintendents of heating are first-class sergeants, and under them there is a force of firemen and ash-handlers drawn from the rank and file.

No modern city, camp or other, would be complete without its telephone system; and the cantonments are nothing if not modern. In some instances the telephone system is local, with only long-distance connections to tie it to the outside world; in others it is an extension of the system of the nearest city, with a camp exchange. In either case the long-distance service is available for the use of the soldier in training, and the National telegraph companies have branch offices in the cantonments—quite often a number of them—located in the various Y. M. C. A. buildings.

Postal facilities come under the head of conveniences, if not exactly under that of engineering problems. They are afforded by branch post offices, and brigade, regimental, and company deliveries. If the soldier has given his company letter and regimental number in his address to the home folks, his mail reaches him as promptly as it would in a city delivery system—there or thereabouts.

Troop movements and the handling of supplies fall to the railway lines, but ordinary transportation to and from the cantonment's nearest city or town is usually provided by local trolley lines. In cases where these lines were not already in existence they have been promptly built; the near-by city or town has seen to that. For Jeff and his fellows in the company barracks are the freest of spenders, and the after-pay-day leave scatters money broadcast in the nearest place where it can be distributed. What does Jeff buy? Ordinarily a lot of things for which he hasn't the slightest possible use. I've seen him pay a dollar and a half for a restaurant dinner that wasn't half as good as the "chow" which would have been served him in the company mess-hall. But that is strictly his affair.

Of the good job the Y. M. C. A. is making in the adding of home comforts and conveniences in the cantonments—to say nothing of the entertainment features of the work—much has been written of the praiseful sort, and it is all deserved. I spent an instructive hour the other day at the counter in one of the Y buildings, just listening and looking on. At the time—it was a hot and thirsty afternoon—there were probably a hundred men sitting at the bench desk which encircles the big room, writing letters. The secretary, a man who, as I happened to know, had given up a good business connection to do his bit in the war, was as busy—and as cordial—as a political candidate before election.

"Yes, sure we've got stamps"—this to a new draftee sending his first letter home. "Paper and envelopes? Always"—this to another applicant. "Movie programme? Right up there on the wall." Then to a grave-faced young husky who looked as if he might be a bit homesick: "Play the phonograph? Of course you may—that's what it's here for. Go to it."

In a little lull I wedged in my word.

"Don't they worry the life out of you?" I asked.

His laugh was a tonic for tired people. "Not for a minute; I enjoy it."

"But the long hours—they are long, aren't they?"

"Six in the morning to ten at night. But what of that? When you think of the fellows 'over there'—excuse me. Hey, Pietro"—to a bright-faced little Italian cavalryman who was passing—"did you get your shirt mended?"

The Italian backed around to show a huge rent across one shoulder—neatly darned.

"Da ladies fix-a heem fine—I tank-a you," he smiled.

"They're glad to do it; come again when you have anything you want patched. The ladies are here Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays."

And so it went throughout the hour.

Admirable as the work of the cantonment Y is, it is hardly fair to let the praise of it overshadow that of at least two other organizations which are laboring, and to excellent purpose, in the same field. These are the Knights of Columbus and the Y. M. H. A. (the Jewish young men's society). Club-rooms, similar to the assembly-rooms of the Y, are maintained by both of these associations, and while the Y has the largest field force, it has no monopoly on the hearty brand of welcome extended to the beginning soldier.

Not to starve the soldier mentally while it is building him physically into a fit fighting man, the cantonment city has its library—a free circulating library under the auspices of the American Library Association. In Chickamauga, which is typical, the central library is housed in a large building with pleasant reading-rooms, long rows of book-stacks well filled, tables with current magazines, racks of late newspapers. What is much more to the point, it is enthusiastically patronized by the men. I asked the librarian what they read most, and was surprised when he didn't say it was light fiction. He said the call was chiefly for technical books bearing upon the particular branch of the service in which the applicant happened to be training.

Unquestionably Jeff's job in his training camp is to fit himself, or to permit himself to be fitted, to fight the battles of his country; and the daily routine of the cantonment takes good care of that part of his education. But in many other ways apart from the military discipline the cantonment city is going to exert a tremendous influence—a remodeling influence—on the Chilhowee Balds and other backward American regions.

To say nothing of the experiences he may have abroad, the training period will have given Jeff a new outlook upon life and its possibilities. It has already done so. If the war were to end to-morrow, he would never be content to go back to things as they were on the Bald. Or, if he should go back, he would carry with him, together with his disciplined body and his well-learned lesson of the value of good food, good housing, and the balanced ration, a spirit of progress and enlightenment, born of the things he had heard and seen and touched, to make the Bald a better place for his children to live in.

By looking back a little way you will see that this article started out to be a listing of the home comforts of the soldier in the making, as these have been planned for and provided by the designers, engineers, and builders of the cantonment cities. But it has rambled off to other phases of things, just as the attention and interest of the camp visitor will ramble in any attempt to take in the multifarious activities and outreachings of the big training centers. Yet the fact remains that it was the Army Engineer Corps that laid the broad foundations.

This arm of the service, rarely seen against any spectacular background, has come to its own in the great war. From a pre-war personnel of only twenty-five hundred men and officers it has grown to be a body of two hundred thousand, with more

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than half of that number on active service abroad. Into its Reserve ranks have gone hundreds of professional men who, out of pure patriotic promptings, have willingly taken a major's, a captain's, or even a lieutenant's pay in exchange for a successful world-builder's income. And it is to this body of highly specialized men, and to the more or less disregarded quartermaster officer—who is oftener than not an engineer—that the National Army in the making owes all the comforts of home.

THE FIGHTING SHEPHERD

BY W. S. RAINSFORD

"I am the good shepherd: the good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep."—*John x. 11.*

I NEVER realized what shepherding meant in the old days of long ago till I lived among the little-known flock-keeping tribes of middle Africa.

Life as we experience it is something utterly different from what it was to our forebears. We cannot visualize it, try as we may. We call imagination to our aid, but the past remains misty, dim, unreal—a life, a land, we may dream of but cannot enter. But when you come into intimate intercourse with primitive man, watch his doings, listen to his slowly told stories, gain gradually his shyly yielded confidence, then a fresh page in human history is turned over by a black man's hand and a new world story, which is but the oldest of all old stories, is being told you, if you have ears to hear it.

Here, alas! the far greater part of our modern travelers fail. They are bent on winning their own objectives. The native, to them, is little more than a means to an end. They kill wild beasts, sometimes wild men, they map unknown countries, they measure mountains, but the savage master of mountain and jungle stands mute before them; he and his life are little more than an incident in their adventurous progress.

To me the fascination of little-known lands lay in their human revelations. For more than two years night after night I sat by my big camp fire. When the day's march was done, then the real day began for me. Then my two hundred men, drawn from six or seven different tribes—men who hung on me for guidance, safety, and food—after they had rested from the long day's march, would, because they knew I liked it, come of their own will, first in twos and threes, and then in trooping company, round my fire, and in dance and song and story try, in their humble way, to let their white *Bwana* (master) know a little of what they were and wanted to be.

During those wonderful African nights I found myself looking into an almost lost chapter in the great book of human history, listening to a story, haltingly told and almost forgotten, seeing, before it quickly passed forever, some vision of what, hundreds of thousands of years ago, the life of primitive man must have been.

So, I say, it was in the African wilderness, and by its wild-beast-scaring fires, that I got a newer and truer understanding of what the good shepherd of long ago was and did.

It must have meant almost the same thing in all wild lands, where men were feeble and the wilderness was strong.

It may sound an exaggeration, but it is the truth, that among all herd-keeping tribes the flock of the tribe represents the final gold reserve, as it were, of tribal existence.

In those parts of Africa where sheep, goats, and cattle can live, all other native property is generally of very secondary importance, and on no tribal office, not even on that of the warrior, does the well-being of all depend quite as much as on that of the shepherd.

If the choice is forced on it, a pastoral tribe may desert even its women and children sooner than its flocks. In the old days goats and cattle could always (not in Africa alone, remember) purchase women, and so the tribe could renew itself; but with its herds lost or destroyed the tribe was doomed.

I am drawing no fancy picture. I am speaking of African pastoral life as it existed but a very few years ago, as in part it exists to-day.

In inland tropic lands there are few natural food resources, few edible fruits or roots. To raise and store grain taxes the industry of the nomad, and often adds to the tribal dangers, as it invites the attack of strange tribes. When the sun has burned the grass, the native hunter with his puny bow finds it hard to feed his family. He cannot get within killing distance of wild game; he falls back then sometimes, as we know from the Bible story the Jews did, on the wild bee and its store. During such times his flock, or his small part in the tribal flock, is his very life. On its milk, sometimes but rarely on its flesh, he can support life.

So in primitive times (and still in primitive conditions) the shepherd who guarded the flock night and day in its journeyings from pasture to pasture was an all-important man. He must be absolutely truthful. He must be absolutely brave.

He must be absolutely truthful, for he is the banker of his people, and could, if he would, not only muddle his accounts but ruin his patrons. Every lamb or goat or calf born during the long months he must be absent from the village, seeking good grazing for his charge—months during which he must not for a moment relax his watchfulness—must be credited to the rightful owner when he returns. Every weakling lost or dead, every victim of lion, leopard, or wild dog, must be honestly accounted for. The wild African is not highly placed in our human scale, yet this astonishing feat of memory that the tribal shepherd must accomplish is actually achieved by thousands of black men. And, more wonderful still, these good shepherds can render such accounts several years after they have given up their job. I can vouch for the truth of this amazing statement.

But, fascinating as it is to write of my unknown black shepherd, let me come to the lesson he taught me, to the light he cast on the Gospel story.

As he stood there with his puny weapons, his bow and spear, before me rose the picture of the Man who called himself the Good Shepherd because he gave his life for his sheep. I seemed to see the good shepherds of all the struggling times in our long past—black, white, and yellow shepherds, careful, watchful, brave—rise in a great company mistily behind him and acclaim him Master and Lord.

The Shepherd King of Israel was a fighting man, so the legend ran. That my black shepherd was also a fighting man there can be no doubt. Legend had it that David, defending his flock, slew in one day a lion and a bear. However that might be, I knew well that this poor black man squatting by my thorn-wood fire faced the worst lion in the world and the cruel, sneaking leopard with the same puny weapons and the same high heart that the Poet King of four thousand years ago had carried.

Jesus knew David's story. So did every man, woman, and child that listened to him, and so it was that, standing before a people who religiously conserved their past, he cried: "I am the good shepherd: the good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep."

"Giveth his life." How and why? In tame surrender? In watchful care only? Ah, no. In bitter, sad, often hopeless battle with the brute force of the untamed wild he must give his life for his sheep.

The shepherd of old was a fighting man, I say. So was the Master. Though fallen on peaceful times, the churches have often forgot it. Were he back on earth to-day, Jesus would again proclaim himself the Good Shepherd, and would surely give his blessing to those millions who are striving to make our poor world a place where his peace can at last reign. Would he not welcome to his high company the men and women of all nations and all classes and all creeds who are giving all they love best to abolish forever that ruthless militarism which has become the evident curse and enemy of mankind? In it the beast forces of the past are ravaging the flocks of his children, and with it to the death the fighting Shepherd would wage war.

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CALIFORNIA IN THE SCHOOL OF WAR

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE

DURING the summer of 1915 The Outlook sent Mr. James Davenport Whelpley to the Pacific coast for the purpose of securing first-hand information regarding the attitude of the Far Western public toward the conflict then raging in Europe. Mr. Whelpley came directly from the battlefields to California, and the environment in which he found himself upon reaching his destination was enough to make "the spirit of the traveler from the war zone sink within him." The Germans, the French, the Belgians, the English, and the Italians were giving entertainments, the proceeds of which were used for relief work in their respective countries, and the Red Cross received substantial support from citizens representing both sides of the world war. "A stranger to this planet who landed directly in San Francisco," he wrote for the issue of August 11, "might be forgiven if he came to the conclusion that Europe had been visited by a great flood or famine, . . . and that here was a Nation, fortunately immune by reason of its remoteness, which was exerting itself in relief measures." Apparently the only existing sentiment pertaining to the war was one favoring peace, and it was encouraged by Mr. Bryan and the women's clubs, and strengthened by "crowds of young men and women who get together and decide that this terrible war ought to be stopped at once."

Without attempting to examine these impressions of Mr. Whelpley's, we must admit that the majority of the people of California were opposed to taking active part in the European war at that time, and that they gave open expression to this sentiment more than a year later when they cast the determining vote in the second election of Mr. Wilson. The majority did not know that the Allies were fighting America's battle as well as their own. President Wilson had not begun his second term, however, before conditions arose which revolutionized public opinion throughout the West.

Meanwhile the war sentiment in California was quickened when the people learned, through information made public by the trial and conviction of Franz Bopp, German Consul at San Francisco, that the reptilious propaganda emanating from Berlin was emitting its slimy secretions in their very midst. The State Legislature passed an Act creating a State Council of Defense, which was approved by the Governor on March 29. The body was organized, held its first meeting, and began its work on April 6, within half an hour after President Wilson signed the declaration of war, and three days before the National Council of Defense called upon the States to form such organizations. Eighteen committees were named, each to supervise and direct a certain phase of war-preparedness work. In each of the fifty-eight counties local councils of defense were organized, consisting of the judge of the superior court as chairman, the district attorney, the sheriff, the chairman of the board of supervisors, the county clerk, and three additional members. These bodies were indefatigable in the patriotic work assigned them. Reports of the State Council of Defense which have been filed with the Governor from time to time cover such subjects as increased crop production, prevention of waste, the home gardening movement, organization of home guards, detection and repression of enemy acts, assisting farmers through county farm advisers, surveying and mapping military roads, solving the labor problems for the farmer, eliminating loss in the harvesting of crops, safeguarding the moral welfare and providing clean entertainment and recreation for the enlisted men, and many other similar subjects.

These councils with their affiliated organizations have been doing most effective work in organizing and co-ordinating local patriotic effort and enthusiasm. This is illustrated in many instances. California was one of the first two States in the Union to complete the registration of her male citizens under the Federal Selective Service Act. By September 28, 1917, fifty-two Home Guard squads had been formed in the State. During the same year, in response to the Nation's plea for increased crop production, eighty per cent of the farmers in the State increased their yield more than thirty per cent over that of 1916. California is said to have been the first State in the Union to organize a committee on engineering and inventions, and through this committee more than twenty new devices for making war were reported to the War Department before October 1, 1917.

A little over four months after war was declared Mr. Hoover appointed Mr. Ralph P. Merritt Food Commissioner for California, and the latter, on August 26, announced the staff of assistants who would carry out the Government plans for food conservation and the control of agricultural products, including marketing, distribution, and the supervision of food industries. Through the frequent publication of bulletins, the cordial and efficient service of numerous local subordinates, and the patriotic response of the people, the State Food Administrator has rendered excellent service to the Nation. After a recent tour of the entire State which took him into the rural communities as well as into the more densely populated areas, Mr. Merritt is reported to have said that the response which the people are making voluntarily is nothing less than "magnificent."

In fact, this eager response to the demands of the hour has manifested itself in a most substantial way on many occasions. California's apportionment in the First Liberty Loan was $91,000,000, her subscription was $115,621,050; in the Second Loan her quota was $134,496,579, her subscription was $183,371,200; in the Third the quota and subscription were $133,820,429 and $174,512,450, respectively. Thus a total quota in the three drives, amounting to $359,317,008, was oversubscribed by $114,187,692. In a list of seven cities with populations between two hundred and fifty and five hundred thousand that had subscribed most liberally to the Third Liberty Loan, the Official Bulletin, on May 8, 1918, gave California two; Los Angeles standing second in the list, with a rating of one hundred and fifty per cent, and San Francisco sixth, with a rating of one hundred and nine per cent. In a list of nineteen, with populations ranging from one hundred to two hundred and fifty thousand, Oakland has a place with a rating of one hundred and four per cent. In addition to this California had purchased War Saving Stamps to the amount of $6,504,976.50 on August 1, 1918.

In the first campaign made for funds by the Red Cross in 1917 California gave $2,616,848.92. In the drive which was carried on during last summer the amount reported to July 1 was $7,111,083.62. Each of the 129 chapters into which the State was divided for the last campaign oversubscribed its quota with two exceptions, and one of the two reached its apportionment. This total of $9,727,932.54 does not include either the money raised in the membership campaign, when over three hundred thousand joined the Red Cross, or any attempt to estimate in dollars and cents the volunteer service given by thousands of citizens, particularly the women, throughout the entire war period. When we add to this more than $400,000 subscribed to the work of Belgian relief, $1,460,000, approximately, which has been given to the Young Men's Christian Association, about $400,000 to the Knights of Columbus, and the generous sums contributed to the Young Women's Christian Association, to the Young Men's Hebrew Association, and to other orders and societies, it will be seen that the State has an enviable record of volunteer service.

If we consider the contributions made to the industrial output of the Nation, particularly to that of ship-building, we shall find that California has done her part. Of the ninety-five vessels sent down the ways in the various shipyards of the country on July 4, more than half were built on the Pacific coast. The San Francisco Bay district launched seventeen steel ships, eight of them destroyers and nine cargo vessels; the shipyards of San Pedro, four; and the Eureka yards, the same number on the same day. In addition to the steel vessels mentioned the Pacific coast is credited with thirty wooden vessels—eighteen from Oregon, ten from Washington, and two from California. One of the steel ships of 12,000 tons at the Union plant of the Bethlehem Ship-Building Corporation was launched in thirty-eight days, making a world's record, which Director Schwab said he believed would not be surpassed unless it was accomplished by the men who made the record. The six honor flags awarded by the Emergency Fleet Corporation have come to the Pacific coast because of the excellent work done by the ship-builders of the West.

Verily, conditions have changed in California, as they have throughout the West, since the summers of 1915 and 1916. Neutrality has given place to war, and indifference and opposition have given way to interest and co-operation. The hyphen everywhere has been condemned. Local officials have co-operated with the Federal branch of the Secret Service in uncovering and stamping out German propaganda wherever it could be found. Anti-German sentiment has been gaining rapidly. In California the State Board of Education has taken action which has resulted in removing the German language from courses of study throughout the State. School-teachers with pro-German sympathies have been dismissed. University professors with German names and German tact have been compelled to resign their positions. Briefly, California has made it quite clear to all who live within her borders that there is to be nothing left which shall serve as a medium for the spread of "German *Kultur*."

But this is no time to pause for self-congratulations. More pertinent is it in California and throughout the Nation to ask ourselves a few frank questions. Are we yet one hundred per cent efficient? Can we be one hundred per cent efficient

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if our public sentiment has not yet reached that degree of efficiency? Can our public sentiment be one hundred per cent efficient if it will tolerate threatened interruptions in any branch of our war work? Do we realize that we have just begun our part of the task in this world conflict? Do we realize that the National Government expects to spend approximately $24,000,000,000 during the fiscal year ending June, 1919, and that $16,000,000,000 of that amount may be raised by the sale of Liberty Bonds? Do we forget that the Red Cross, the Young Men's and the Young Women's Christian Associations, and similar organizations, will call upon us again and again for more and still more millions for relief work in this titanic business in which we are engaged? We may well be proud of what our boys are doing "over there," we may congratulate ourselves on what we have done "over here;" but we must not permit these self-indulgences to lead to optimistic or selfish intoxication, so that we will be disqualified to complete the task which we have undertaken.

CARDINAL GOODWIN,
Professor of American History,
Mills College.

Oakland, California, August 18, 1918.

THE END OF A PERFECT DAY

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE

THE hot wave first raced across the corn belt of the Middle West on Sunday. When Friday came, the thermometer was still dancing up and down between 100° and 110° hot Fahrenheit. The corn, eager to fill up its ear, was blistering in the Iowa sun, and the leaves were turning fast to fodder. The bumper crop in sight a week before was now no more than a lively hope. Day after day clouds climbed up into the western sky to thunder a vagrant note and then to disappoint each evening the earnest farmers.

Everything wilted but Chautauqua. That never wilts. Chautauquans, well seasoned these many years past, "feel no more the heat of the sun." General management has the highly intelligent support of local committees, local editors, local ministers. Even the stores close during the Chautauqua hours. Families for many a mile round set their house in order for Chautauqua week, and crowd the big tent afternoon and evening.

Chautauqua audiences are well trained. No better listeners are to be found. Good music, good plays, good speaking, they demand, and Chautauqua managers never disappoint them. While mere celebrity may draw, something more is needed to save from the fate described by him who wrote:

> "They light me once,
> They hurry by,
> And never come again."

I have studied the Chautauqua speakers. They command the admiration of the honest critic. They have method as well as message. They are as artistic in their craft as George Arliss in his or Galli-Curci in hers. They deal with serious subjects as experts. They carry men, women, and children on to the conclusion of the longest lecture by knowing when to lighten at the proper moment with a story, or a lilt of humor, or sometimes a local reference. Said a village woman in my hearing of a fellow-speaker on the problems of patriotism: "I thought at first he would be hard to follow, but I surely hated when he had to stop." I heard that lecture. The thermometer was reported to be 105° in the tent. The speaker held the rapt attention of the people for an hour and a half in a philosophical presentation of the causes of the war and our responsibilities in consequence. It was like reading a solid book, and condensing it with marked success into one hearing. It was typical, and twenty millions of Americans are reported to be listening to such addresses in Chautauqua tents the country over.

Chautauqua is patriotic. With a daily programme with a patriotic tinge Chautauqua is helping to make real Americans no matter what their pedigree, and deserves the confidence of our President and his Administration. While I have spoken for Chautauqua before, this hot August finds me for the first time "on circuit" in Iowa, living daily the Chautauqua life, speaking every night in combination with a quartette of jolly boys who sing the patriotic songs and Government war pictures; sometimes rising the next morning at 3:30 to "auto" and railroad to the next appointment. It is hot, hard, grueling work, with no days off, as in the trenches, but joyously worth while. Everybody is good-natured. Broken sleep is partly made up in the train, partly between performances.

It was almost noon when we got into Blanchard. Good cheer awaited us at the little concrete hotel and a good dinner. Then a patriotic afternoon, including a pageant for the children to perform and a scholarly address, of which the young mother with the baby in her arms remarked to me, her seat-mate, "I wish the Kaiser had heard that! He would know where to get off."

We were sitting on the hotel porch waiting for the evening call to duty when the local editor with the evening paper in his hands came sauntering up to show us the good news from the front. He was a real Iowan, widely read and equally at home in comment on Europe or America. He talked about the technique of the war like a Frank H. Simonds, its moral issues like a Christian, its statecraft like a Wilson or Lloyd George. Iowans are great talkers. Hotel porches and trains are visiting opportunities. One of them told me that they are more conservative than some of their neighbors in the States near by. At any rate, they cannot be hurried in the formation of opinions, nor worsted in discussion when their minds are once made up. They talk with an informedness and felicity nowhere surpassed in this country. They are humorously sensitive here and there to anything that looks like Eastern condescension; but they never bristle. They are so sure that their lines are cast in pleasant places that they keep good-natured however warm the argument. As one of them said to me: "We folks travel. 'Most everybody goes to New York and to California. The auctioneer in 'galluses' and shirt sleeves has been all round the world. If Eastern folks do not like to take us on equal terms, we neither worry nor get mad. We know Iowa is the best State in the Union. We let them fade away."

Here and there are little groups of foreign-born. One or two of my audiences consisted practically of Germans and of Swedes. But they are good Americans. They are through with the hyphen. They are sending their boys over to beat the Kaiser, and they do not want them home until the job is done. One of them, a most attractive man, remarked to me as we were circling round the town in his "machine:" "When the trouble was between England and the Fatherland, I had some sympathy for the country where I lived in my boyhood. The Germany of my boyhood was a pretty nice place. I thought possibly something could be said on both sides. But after the Kaiser, in January, 1917, let loose his submarines again and broke his promise to us I made up my mind that the Kaiser was a crook, and that the Fatherland I loved was dead. It was Uncle Sam for me after that. I wish I could fight, but they tell me I am too old. I am proud to say, however, that my boys are over there, and if they have to kill their cousins in the German army they will do it like Americans. I am doing what I can at home. I have got three thousand people in the county to raise hogs this year for Uncle Sam. We expect to net $60,000 for him. But I do wish I could fight!"

That evening performance I never could forget, not even if I tried. I was scheduled for the middle of the programme. I was explaining to the audience that we are not going to stop this war till we have both beaten the Kaiser and agreed with other nations to end war forever. As I began to speak the clouds began to grumble and to spread out over the whole sky. Flashes of lightning played round the tent like searchlights through an Allied city. Here and there a little restlessness was evident, not due, however, to the coming of a storm, but to concern about the horses and "autos." Mothers made their babies as comfortable as possible and crooned them to quiet. Nobody thought of going home. Chautauquans always stick it out.

Naturally I was on my mettle to make it worth their while to stay, and not to be outtalked by the thunder. I made them laugh with a good story of the lighter side of war. When I told them that the war will never end till Old Glory floats over the Potsdam palace to save us all from Potsdamnation, their applause beat out the thunder-storm. Then I told them that our allies have for four long years been fighting our war as well as theirs, and that we now at last are watching them in heroic and resistless onslaught. They rose to the moral heights of *noblesse oblige*, and put themselves on record while the thunder crashed as it had never crashed before and the lightning atoned freely for its neglect of the corn belt.

I was speaking of the air raid which I saw in London when suddenly the applause began again and extravagantly outreached the merit of my words. I did not understand at first, but I was soon to learn that my audience good-naturedly was watching the rain trickling down in a widening stream through a joint in the tent and drawing nearer to me. At last a big splash struck my neck. Instead of moving to one side, I stepped across the footlights. Determined to play up to such an audience, I went down into their midst, where I battled with the thunder till there was a place to stop, while the people said, "Go on, go on!"

By this time the blessed rain was pouring down in torrents, to the delight of all of us, and, without awaiting its cessation, umbrellaless, I hurried back to my hotel, unmindful of the drenching and thinking only that "this is the end of a perfect day."

LYMAN P. POWELL.

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This advertisement, which is appearing in the daily newspapers, seems to us of such importance to American industry that we reproduce it here on our own responsibility as news and not as an advertisement. It throws a clear light on one of the great economic problems of the war and ought to be read by every progressive American business man.—THE PUBLISHERS OF THE OUTLOOK.

A Message to American Business

The Lesson of British Experience

From an Address made in New York by Mr. Val Fisher, London Publisher, Member London Chamber of Commerce, Associate Member American Chamber of Commerce in London

"IN four years of war, many things have happened in Great Britain that I am quite sure you will be interested in hearing about.

"Some wonderful things have happened in advertising, through war conditions, and I want to touch on some of those things, that you may be prepared for the conditions that will probably arise as the war goes on. In the last four years the business men of Great Britain have learned more concerning the importance of building goodwill through advertising than they did in forty years preceding the war.

"In considering business conditions in England you must bear in mind that ***ONE-HALF OF ALL THE MEN IN ENGLAND BETWEEN THE AGES OF 18 AND 51 ARE IN MILITARY OR NAVAL SERVICE.*** That means ***ONE-THIRD*** of our entire male population, from the infants in the cradle to the extremely old.

"You must bear in mind that 5,000,000 British women who never worked before have voluntarily gone to work to fill the places of men at the front. Hundreds of our women are working in factories making TNT—a work that ruins the hair and turns the skin yellow—thus sacrificing their beauty for the rest of their lives for the sake of Britain and freedom. We have only one business in England and that is to win the war. We are all concentrated on that one thing, even to the boys and girls.

"You would think under such conditions, with as many men in active service, in proportion to population, as you would have if you had 18,000,000 men in uniform—you would think under such conditions that retail business would be bound to be bad. And yet business is wonderfully good. You American business men are now in much the same position as were the British business men at the end of their first year of war. You are wondering what will be the effect of increasing selective service—you are anticipating restrictions on your business—and I want to tell you some of our experiences so you can profit by them.

"The department stores of any country usually reflect the state of trade. The profits of the twelve leading London department stores during the period of war were as follows: Fiscal year 1914–15, profits $4,950,000; 1915–16, $4,250,000; 1916–17, $5,575,000. In the Provinces the profits of the nine leading stores were: 1914–15, $750,000; 1915–16, $945,000; 1916–17, $1,150,000.

"In the wholesale trade, the seven largest British houses increased their profits from $3,429,000 in 1914–15 to $5,885,000 in 1916–17. In the grocery trade, our leading chain-store firm made a profit of $2,313,755 in 1916–17, and increased it to $3,736,000 in 1917–18, the latter figure being $1,000,000 per annum over their average for the previous five years. Lest you should think this is profiteering, I will tell you that the turn-overs justify such profits, and further, the British Government has recently declared there was no profiteering. Trade is good, abnormally good in England, because never before in its history have there been so many workers per thousand population—never before has the wealth of the country been so evenly distributed.

"The experience of Britain's retail stores contains an object lesson which should not be lost on the business men of America. During the first few months of the war many stores cut down their

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advertising. But Selfridge did not. He did not skip a single day. He used all the space the papers would allow him to use and has continued to do so. The result was that Selfridge's profits during the first year of the war were $573,000, during the second $750,000, and during the third year $1,125,000.

"Another London store, much larger than Selfridge's at the start of the war, decided to cut down its advertising, and did so until they saw their mistake, and the result is shown in their returns. This store's profits for the first year of the war were $1,546,000; for the second year, $1,000,000; and for the third year, $1,175,000. From fourth or fifth place among London stores, in volume of business and profits, at the start of the war, Selfridge has climbed to ***SECOND*** place as the result of his continuous advertising, and he would be ***FIRST*** to-day had not the war prevented building additions to his store.

"British manufacturers who have not a dollar's worth of merchandise to sell, whose entire plants are employed on Government work, are keeping their advertising continuously before the public, because while they are perfectly willing to turn their profits over to the Government, while they are perfectly willing for the sake of winning the war to have their factories commandeered and their normal business completely stopped, yet they are *not willing to sacrifice their good will; they are not willing to have their names or their products forgotten.*

"And so they continue their advertising, continue building their good-will, so that when the war shall be won there will be an immediate demand for the billions of dollars' worth of merchandise that their greatly enlarged factories will then turn out.

"This is a time when every manufacturer, every business man, should look far ahead. Good-will cannot be built in a day, even by advertising. The war will not last always. We have all seen the mistake of being unprepared for war; it is almost as great and serious a mistake to be ***UNPREPARED FOR PEACE.***

"What are you going to do with your acres and acres of enlarged factory space now employed in the making of War Products all over America, if you don't build good-will now for the goods you are going to make when the war is won? How are you going to keep the smoke coming out of your factory chimneys after peace is declared, if you don't keep your name constantly before the public now, and build a demand for your peace-time products that will ***insure a satisfactory business the minute you stop making munitions or other war supplies?***

"The war has taught the manufacturers and business men of Britain that advertising is not only the least expensive way to sell goods, but that it also has the far more important function of ***BUILDING GOOD-WILL***—a good-will whose benefits, especially in critical times, can hardly be measured. British business men have also learned that advertising can be used in time of war to ***stop*** the sale of their goods, and at the same time retain and even increase the good-will of the public. In a few cases British corporations have realized when it was too late, and after irrevocable damage was done, that advertising would have saved them.

"Moreover, you Americans must not forget your opportunities for foreign trade. Millions of people in Great Britain and France and Italy and Central and South America will be looking to you for American-made goods when the war is over. Those of you who are best prepared, those of you whose good-will is most firmly established, will reap the greatest benefit.

"From the outbreak of the war British business men clearly recognized their duty to their country and its fighting men. It was essential that they should strain every nerve to keep the trade of the country as near normal as possible during the war, and it is just as essential that when peace comes they must be prepared ***to keep every factory working at full pressure and to find employment for every employable unit.*** It is only by such methods that Britain can pay for her share of the war.

"No nation stands to gain as much commercially from the war as does America. In Great Britain the per capita income is $236, and the per capita debt $589; in the United States your per capita income is $352, and your per capita debt is $63.

"As you gentlemen know, I have been interested in fostering Anglo-American trade for many years. And I want to warn your manufacturing and export houses that ***NOW*** is the time to prepare for peace. I find a tendency here to neglect preparations for export trade until peace has been declared. There could not be a greater mistake. Now is not the time to export, but most emphatically now ***IS*** the time to lay your plans and build good-will.

"Through a long experience with Anglo-American trade I know that most of the failures made by British houses exporting to this country and of American houses exporting to Great Britain have come about through the lack of adequately understanding the temperaments of the public in the two countries.

"These are times of rapid and tremendous change. No man can rest on his laurels. Those who were leaders last year, those who are leaders now in their respective business lines, may be surpassed next year by far-seeing, efficient, and ***THOROUGHLY PREPARED competitors who have laid their plans a long way in advance.***"

The above is reproduced in the interest of American Industry by the

AMERICAN ASSOCIATION OF ADVERTISING AGENCIES

Office of the National Executive Secretary

Metropolitan Tower, New York

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WEEKLY OUTLINE STUDY OF CURRENT HISTORY

BY J. MADISON GATHANY, A.M.

HOPE STREET HIGH SCHOOL, PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Based on The Outlook of September 11, 1918

Each week an Outline Study of Current History based on the preceding number of The Outlook will be printed for the benefit of current events classes, debating clubs, teachers of history and of English, and the like, and for use in the home and by such individual readers as may desire suggestions in the serious study of current history.—THE EDITORS.

[Those who are using the weekly outline should not attempt to cover the whole of an outline in any one lesson or study. Assign for one lesson selected questions, one or two propositions for discussion, and only such words as are found in the material assigned. Or distribute selected questions among different members of the class or group and have them report their findings to all when assembled. Then have all discuss the questions together.]

I—INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS

Topic: The Battle of Château Thierry; A Just Peace.

Reference: Pages 51–53; editorial, page 45.

Questions:

Note.—Read the references in the order suggested. 1. On page 51 Dr. Odell says that "the Marne *has proved* [italics mine] to be the River of Death to Kaiserism." Should he say "has proved"? Explain the meaning of the figure of speech he uses in these quoted words. 2. Do you think it is right for Americans to differentiate "between the German military caste and the German people"? The Outlook and Dr. Odell do not. Discuss. 3. How, according to Dr. Odell, do the Allied nations feel towards Germany? How account for the difference? 4. Give several reasons why the Allied nations do not teach their people to hate the Germans. Germany teaches all Germans to hate the Allied peoples. 5. Describe the spirit of the Allied soldiers and the conditions at the front as shown by this article of Dr. Odell's. 6. Give, with reasons, your opinion of the war work of the Y. M. C. A. and the function of that institution. 7. What lessons do you see in Dr. Odell's article for Americans who remain at home? 8. The Outlook does not believe (page 45) in a negotiated peace nor in a "trading basis" of peace with Germany. Tell why you believe The Outlook does or does not reason soundly. 9. Would you be willing to have this war end at once if Germany would but change her form of government? Several reasons should be given. 10. Can you give not less than four reasons why now is the psychological moment to press forward the prosecution of the war? 11. Read a book valuable to every one: "Stakes of the War," by Stoddard and Frank (Century).

II—NATIONAL AFFAIRS

A. Topic: Some State Primaries; the Ambassador to Great Britain.

Reference: Pages 41, 42.

Questions:

Note.—These topics should be made the basis of a study of certain political party matters. 1. What is a State primary? Distinguish between it and the caucus, between it and the delegate convention. Explain the "open primary." What is your opinion of it? 2. In how many States is the direct primary method used? Explain how the direct primary came into existence. 3. Have such radical methods as the initiative, the referendum, the recall, and the direct primary proved themselves to be more in the interest of good government than the old methods of party government? More than a mere personal opinion is called for in this answer. 4. Do you think the Republicans of Michigan wise in rejecting Mr. Ford as their candidate for United States Senator. Reasons. 5. The Outlook thinks Miss Rankin is and should be permanently retired from politics. Discuss The Outlook's opinion. 6. It is said that the women voters of Montana are responsible for Miss Rankin's defeat. Is this the strongest of arguments for universal or equal suffrage? 7. How do American Ambassadors secure their positions? Give reasons why they should or should not be elected by popular vote. 8. Name a successor to Ambassador Page. Give reasons for your selection. 9. Consult any modern civil government text-book, and own two very valuable books, "Politician, Party, and People," by H. C. Emery, and "Popular Government," by W. H. Taft (both published by the Yale University Press).

B. Topic: The articles on Education.

Reference: Pages 54–65.

Questions:

1. For what reasons should the accounts of Superintendent Simms, Mr. Potter, and Mr. Wilson be inspiring to our own wounded men and to those who will have charge of their education? 2. Do you think every unfortunate person could come to view this world as "a very cheerful place"? Illustrate liberally and discuss. 3. Discuss the value of the study of history. 4. Tell what you would say to a foreigner in explaining to him what the American Republic is. 4. Discuss: "The fatal defect of our education is its superficiality. We teach nothing thoroughly."

III—PROPOSITIONS FOR DISCUSSION

(These propositions are suggested directly or indirectly by the subject-matter of The Outlook, but not discussed in it.)

1. Democracy is still chiefly an aspiration. 2. Democracy is the extension of privileges. 3. Originality is not allowed to develop in our system of education.

IV—VOCABULARY BUILDING

(All of the following words and expressions are found in The Outlook for September 11, 1918. Both before and after looking them up in the dictionary or elsewhere, give their meaning *in your own words*. The figures in parentheses refer to pages on which the words may be found.)

Nomination, candidate, majority, reputation, Ambassador (41); brigands, megalomania, obsessed, gainsaid (45); refugees, peasants (55); motivation, history (58); common man, vocabulary (59).

A booklet suggesting methods of using the Weekly Outline of Current History will be sent on application

THE STORY OF FIREARMS

PART II

THE development of modern firearms had a very direct bearing upon the exploring and opening to civilization of the North American continent. The early American colonists were subjected to great dangers and privations, and were forced to depend greatly on their flintlocks not only for food but as a protection against the ever-imminent attacks of the Indians. Whether the settlers landed on the stern and rock-bound coast of New England, the rolling country of the Potomac, or the bayous of the South, they were exposed to the same difficulties and dangers. The wily savage lurked in the surrounding forests to fell with his bow and arrow the settler who dared to stray far from the protection of his log cabin. Wild beasts abounded ready to pounce upon the lone traveler. The colonist must therefore have his gun always ready at hand and be adept in its use, for on it his life often depended.

The colonists often had to make their own guns, and mighty good ones they were too, if we can believe the stories of their expertness and marksmanship. The blunderbuss was the standby of these first settlers. These were of peculiar design, with bell-nosed barrels for the purpose of scattering the charge. From these old weapons it was customary to discharge missiles of all kinds, but more especially slugs of lead or iron. Captain John Smith, of Pocahontas fame, was armed with one of these weapons when he was pursued and captured by Powhatan's warriors. Smith's companions, overpowered by the Indians earlier in the day, had already been captured and put to death. From the captured party the Indians obtained some gunpowder which they brought to Smith, telling him that they intended to plant it in order to "discover the nature of the seed."

The blunderbuss was the weapon used by the great Frenchman Champlain, who founded Quebec and afterward discovered the lake which bears his name.

Inasmuch as the American settlers were so dependent upon their guns, they were quick to adopt any improvements which would give greater range and accuracy. All the earlier muskets were smooth-bore and were loaded with round bullets. The bore was larger than the bullet, which rolled in the barrel when fired, and was thus given an "english" which caused the bullet to curve in its flight, and thus the gun was very inaccurate at any distance. An early English army officer is said to have stated that he felt perfectly safe when fired upon at a distance of over eighty yards, provided the gun was aimed directly at him. The American gunmakers, therefore, were quick to see the advantages of the rifle, which had not yet come into common use in Europe, although the rifling principle had been invented as early as 1520. In a rifle the inside of the barrel is grooved, giving the projectile a rotating motion before leaving the barrel. This rotating motion lessens the tendency of the bullet to depart from a straight line, and also in a measure overcomes atmospheric resistance. The colonists developed a long flintlock muzzle-loading rifle. This was rendered still more effective by the use of a "patch." The patch was a piece of linen soaked in oil which was laid over the muzzle and the bullet then placed over it and rammed down into the barrel.

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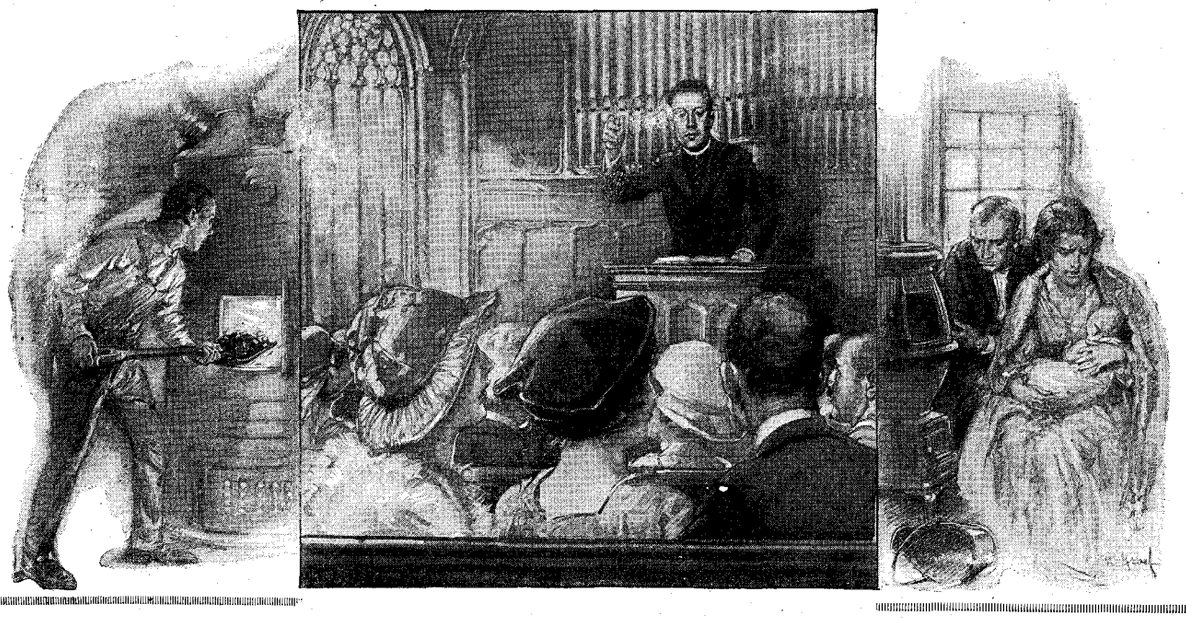

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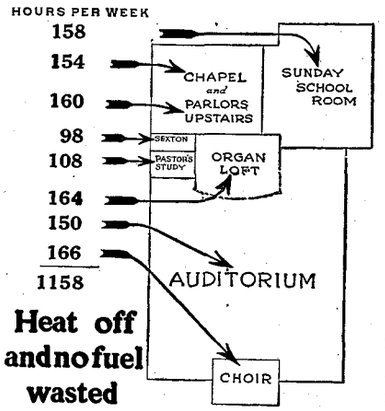

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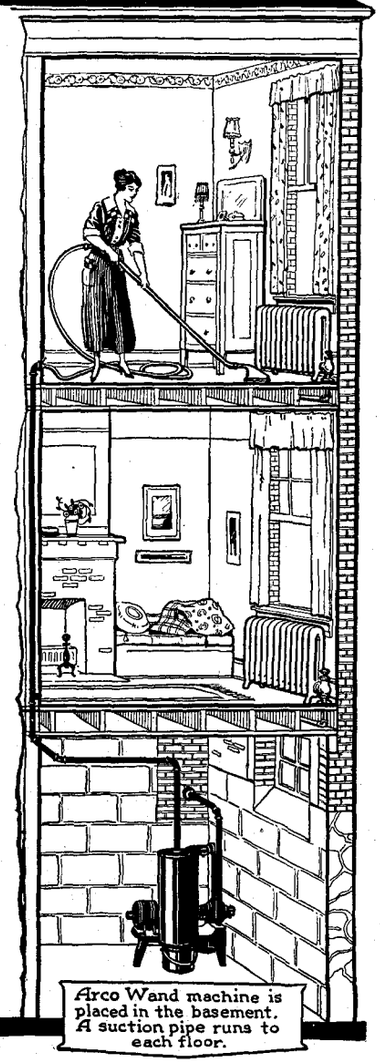

Arco Wand machine is placed in the basement. A suction pipe runs to each floor.

The Story of Firearms (Continued)

The patch acted as a lubricant and also held the charge firmly in place. The barrels of these rifles were often as much as six feet long and they had an accurate range up to one hundred yards. The astounding accuracy obtained by the pioneers with these rifles has been most interestingly described by James Fenimore Cooper in his "Leatherstocking Tales." It is said that much of the success of the Americans against the English troops in the Revolutionary War was due to the fact that they were armed with their long-barreled hunting rifles, with which they could bring down a squirrel from the tallest tree, while the English were armed with the old smooth-bore muskets.

But still another great change was to come in the manufacture of firearms with the invention of the percussion system. The objections to the flintlock were that it did not entirely preserve the priming from wet, and that the flint sparks sometimes failed to ignite the charge. In 1807 a Scotch clergyman, the Rev. Alexander John Forsythe, obtained a patent for priming with a fulminating powder which exploded by concussion. This important improvement was not recognized and adopted by the English military authorities until more than thirty years later. In the meantime it was gradually developed and the copper percussion cap invented. It was not until the introduction of the copper cap that the percussion gun could be considered in every way superior to the flint.

The old flintlock guns were muzzle-loaders. Even after the percussion system came into general use for both rifles and shotguns, the muzzle-loading principle was still employed. Many attempts had been made to bring out a gun with breech-loading mechanism, but none were successful because of the escape of gas at the opening in the breech when the gun was fired, which occasioned a serious loss of power. The development of an expansive cartridge case containing its own means of ignition effectually solved this difficulty and brought about the general adoption of the breech-loading principle.

Cartridges were probably invented by the French, who used to wrap up powder and bullet in paper to enable the soldiers to load quickly and dispense with the cumbrous powder-horn. Cartridges are first mentioned in England about 1777. Military cartridges were tied around with tape and the end that contained the powder had to be bitten off before loading. The paper then served as a wad or patch.

In 1836 Lefaucheux produced a cartridge and a breech-loading gun. The cartridge contained within itself all the requisites for the gun's discharge. From this dates the success of the modern breech-loading rifle and shotgun. The earliest efficient modern cartridge case was the pin-fire, patented by Houiller, a Paris gunsmith, in 1847, with a thin, weak shell which expanded by the force of the explosion, fitted perfectly into the barrel, and thus formed an efficient gas check. The central-fire cartridge, practically as now in use, was introduced into England in 1861 by Daw.

Ever since the ingenuity of the early settlers devised the long-barreled rifle America has played a leading part in gun manufacturing. In 1798 contracts were awarded by George Washington for the manufacture of rifles at Harper's Ferry. This arsenal continued to turn out rifles and pistols for the Government up to the Civil War. In 1842 the first American percussion rifles were made at this arsenal

The idea of making guns with interchangeable parts by machinery was first worked out in America. About 1797 Eli Whitney secured a contract for 10,000. arms, which he manufactured entirely by stamping and applying machinery to the shaping and finishing of the several parts. He also introduced the system of gauges, by which uniformity of construction is insured for parts made after the same model.

John H. Hall, of Harper's Ferry, was the next to improve the system. In 1812 he wrote to the United States Government, laying particular stress upon his plan of making guns. He says: "Every similar part of my gun is so much alike that it will suit every other gun." This system of interchangeable parts was first applied to Government service by Hall in 1818, and the Harper's Ferry guns occupy a prominent place in our early history.

Samuel Colt produced and patented the first practical revolver in 1835. This became a very popular weapon with army officers, and was first used extensively in the Seminole War in Florida and other Indian wars. It was also used by British officers during the Crimean War and the Indian Mutiny.

At the outbreak of the Mexican War the United States troops were equipped with Sharp's breech-loading carbine, which could be fired ten times per minute. This gun was used with great success against the Mexicans and later in the Civil War. During the Civil War over sixty different kinds of carbines were developed. In 1849 Jennings developed the forerunner of the repeating rifle, and in 1851 Smith & Wesson brought out the repeating pistol. Smith & Wesson were also the first to produce the copper cartridge for revolvers. The Spencer carbine appears to be the first successful repeating rifle and was patented in 1860. In this rifle the magazine is in the butt. It could be fired seven times in ten seconds, and was used in the Civil War with great success.

One of the earliest and most successful American gunmakers was Eliphalet Remington. Eliphalet wanted a gun to go hunting with, and, as his father refused to buy him one, he decided to make his own. He hammered out a gun barrel from scrap-iron, walked fifteen miles to Utica to have it rifled, and finally had a weapon of which he might well be proud. The gun was so good that soon the neighbors ordered others like it, and soon the Remington

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The Story of Firearms (Continued)

forge was hard at work to meet the demand. The result was the establishment of the first Remington plant at Ilion, New York. The Remington rifle became noted for its rapidity of loading and firing. It has been extensively used by the American, French, Danish, and Italian Governments.

Following the Spencer carbine came the Henry repeating rifle, which contained fifteen charges under the whole length of the barrel. This was improved upon and superseded by the Winchester repeating rifle. In this rifle the magazine is a tube containing the cartridges placed under the barrel and protected by the wood fore end of the stock. The magazine can always be replenished at the breech end without changing the normal condition of the gun. The Winchester model 73 was a very famous gun used in much of the Indian fighting of the late 70's. The Winchester model 66 was used by the Turks in the Battle of Plevna, and led to the development of the repeating rifle by European experts.

The Hotchkiss magazine gun is a modification of the Winchester, and was first shown at the Centennial Exhibition in 1876. The magazine is in the butt and will contain five cartridges.

Both the Lee and the Krag were used in the Spanish War, and in 1903 the Springfield rifle was developed. Upon our entrance into the European war the Browning gun was adopted by the United States Government. The Winchester automatic rifle fires and ejects the shell by merely pressing the trigger. It can fire from four to twenty shots before reloading.

The shotgun was developed coincidentally with the rifle and is the favorite weapon of sportsmen for small game. Repeating or magazine shotguns are made on the same principle as the repeating rifle with a magazine below the barrel. In the hammerless gun the whole igniting mechanism is out of sight, the hammer being placed within the gun.

It will be remembered that the early blunderbuss had a bell-shaped muzzle, with the idea of scattering the shot. The modern shotgun is built on exactly the reverse principle, known as the "choke-bore." This appears to have originated with the early Spanish gunmakers. In an old work on gunnery, "La Chasse au Fusil," it is asserted that in order to throw the shot more closely the caliber should be narrower at the middle than at either breech or muzzle; while others insisted that the caliber must contract gradually from breech to muzzle.

In an interesting work upon "American Wild Fowl Shooting," by J. W. Long, the writer says: "Since the invention of percussion locks no improvement in the construction of shotguns, or fowling-pieces, as they were then called, has ever appeared so truly valuable to sportsmen as that peculiar formation of bore known as the 'choke,' by which the divergence of the pellets of a charge of shot in their flight is greatly modified and controlled. I need only mention the fact that by its use the effective range of a gun may be greatly increased, in many cases fully doubled, and its claim to pre-eminence is fully established."

As the popular interest in the gun for sport has increased, many clubs for trap-shooting have been organized. The origin of trap-shooting may be traced to the ancient pastime of popinjay shooting, a game practiced by the ancient Greeks and the expert bowmen of mediæval times. The popinjay was a stuffed parrot or fowl placed upon the top of a pole and used as a target. In some instances a living bird was used, a certain amount of liberty being given it by the length of cord used to secure it to the pole. Homer in the Iliad mentions popinjay shooting, a dove being the mark and prizes being given.

Many years before it became a fashionable pastime pigeon shooting was practiced by the frequenters of low public houses in the English towns, and later it was taken up by English noblemen and numerous clubs were formed.

In this country clay pigeons are used, which are released from a trap by a spring and fly away from the marksman like a live bird.

There is a widespread movement on foot in this country to teach the growing boy to handle a gun. For this purpose the .22-caliber rifle is produced by several gunmakers. It is our belief that every boy should have a knowledge of firearms and their proper and sportsmanlike use. In a recent article in The Outlook entitled "The Gun as a Weapon of Education," the value of the gun in developing character, self-reliance, and manliness was charmingly described.

Since our entrance into the great war we have learned much. We have seen the folly of unpreparedness and the necessity for universal military training. Events have shown us that knowledge of the gun is as important to-day as when our forefathers depended upon their trusty rifles for protection from the redskin and the wild animals of the forest. Let us trust that America has learned the lesson well, and let the gun be truly a "weapon of education" for every American boy who shall be taught the great lessons of self-reliance, sportsmanship, courage, and true love of country.

Among other sources we are indebted to the following for information embodied in this article:

The Winchester Repeating Arms Co.

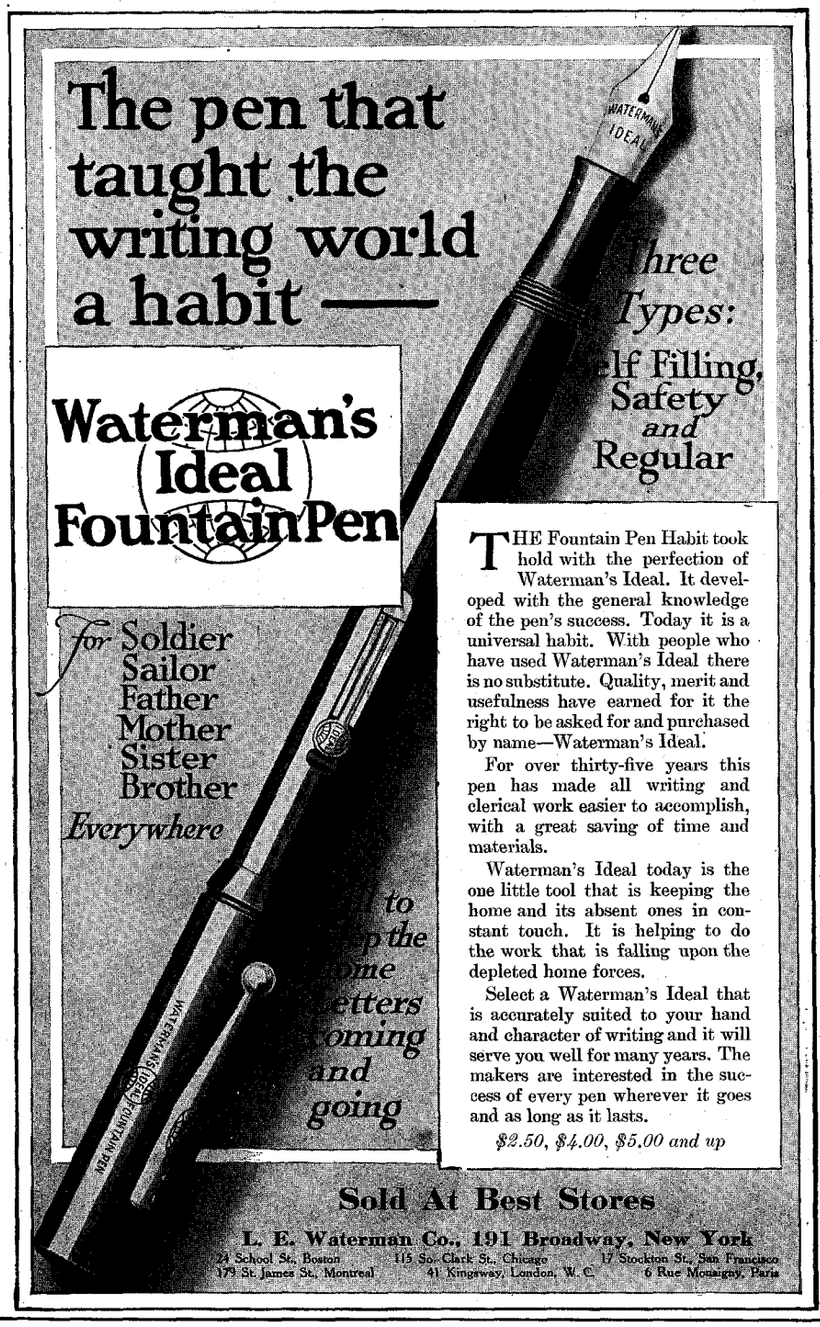
The Remington Arms Union Metallic Cartridge Co.

Colt's Patent Firearms Co.

"*The Gun and Its Development*," *by W. W. Greener.*

Articles in "The American Shooter."

Early next year it is proposed to discuss in two separate articles the history of the revolver and the development of the high-powered rifle and machine gun brought about since the beginning of the war.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J. J. CASSIDY, Woodbury, Conn.

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Mention The Outlook
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LADY and daughter (school girl) desire board in private family on Brooklyn Heights from end of September. Two sunny rooms preferred. References exchanged. Mrs. F., Sharon, Conn.

LADY desires to board with private family uptown. References exchanged. 6,237, Outlook.

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EMBROIDERERS on infants' silks and flannels. Work sent out of town. The R. R. Barringer Co., 29 East 31st St., New York City.

Companions and Domestic Helpers

WANTED — Refined young woman as mother's helper to assist in care of little girl. Home near Philadelphia. 6,227, Outlook.

WANTED—Mother's helper, two children. Pennsylvania farm. 6,231, Outlook.

WANTED—Refined, middle-aged woman as housekeeper-cook. Twenty-four hours off weekly. Good salary. Write Mrs. Foote, Walnut St., Englewood, N. J.

YOUNG man wishes to secure services of lady who will take care of his three motherless children and keep house for him. One maid employed. 6,249, Outlook.

WANTED—Capable woman (not a servant) to manage household of four, two adults, two children. Must be good, plain cook, fond of good home and household economics. 6,251, Outlook.

Teachers and Governesses

WANTED—Competent teachers for public and private schools and colleges. Send for bulletin. Albany Teachers' Agency, Albany, N.Y.

TEACHERS desiring school or college positions apply International Musical and Educational Agency, Carnegie Hall, N. Y.

WANTED — Two experienced teachers. Latin-English and mathematics. High school grade. $700 and board. Southern school. High altitude. 6,233, Outlook.

WANTED — Teacher in boys' military academy. High school subjects. Address Box A, Woodstock, Va.

WANTED — Nursery governess or intelligent child's nurse for children of eight and five. English, French, or American. Protestant. Write Mrs. Horace Coleman, DeKalb St., Norristown, Pa.

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Business Situations

UNIVERSITY woman, special experience, desires position as secretary, assistant editor, assistant manager. 6,225, Outlook.

COLLEGE woman, librarian, now in Government service, wishes engagement in South or California for winter. References exchanged. 6,252, Outlook.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Companions and Domestic Helpers

HOUSEKEEPER or companion in motherless or invalid's home where servants are kept or caretaker of country home or camp where owners visit occasionally. Isolation no objection. Refined, capable, Christian widow, experienced housekeeper, licensed automobile driver nine years, also drive horses. Capable taking full charge, understands care furnace, water system, etc., in country place. Capable dressmaker, fond of and understands children, also experienced in care of sick. References exchanged. Will furnish bond if necessary. Only well paying position with high-class family considered. 6,239, Outlook.

NURSE of experience desires care of chronic invalid, elderly lady, or in old ladies' home. References required. 6,234, Outlook.

YOUNG woman as companion. Or companion and chaperon for girls. Sewing part time. References. 6,226, Outlook.

AMERICAN lady as companion-helper, fond of home duties, experienced in nursing. Capable of taking charge of correspondence, etc. Best references. 6,244, Outlook.

NURSE, undergraduate, cheerful, companionable, capable, Christian, age 35. No objection tuberculosis case. Country, mountains, or travel. 6,240, Outlook.

COMPETENT and experienced young woman of education and refinement desires position as secretary or companion. Stenographic knowledge. References. 6,242, Outlook.

MATRON wants position in children's or girls' home. State particulars. 6,229, Outlook.

WANTED, by woman of refinement and experience, position as supervising housekeeper in family of widower or invalid. Capable of taking full charge. 6,232, Outlook.

LADY wishes position of chaperon in family with children at Washington, D. C. 6,235, Outlook.

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YOUNG French teacher wants school for Tuesdays and Thursdays or some Government work. New York preferred. Best references. 6,243, Outlook.

POSITION as governess of backward child in private family; experienced, practical nurse, competent to take full charge. 6,236, Outlook.

GOVERNESS, experienced kindergartner, desires position. 6,248, Outlook.

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PATRIOTISM by Lyman Abbott, also 4 verses of America—The Pledge to the Flag—2 verses of The Star-Spangled Banner, all in a little leaflet. Further the cause of Patriotism by distributing in your letters, in pay envelopes, in schools, churches, clubs, and social gatherings. 200 sent prepaid for 30 cents. Arthur M. Morse, Montclair, N. J.

LADY living alone, beautiful, artistic home, beautiful surrounding country, healthful pine air, fine walks, would take into her home two ladies, or two young girls needing chaperon, or elderly couple. Would consider invalid or cripple needing care, or two, three small children orphans, or of professional people. Two hours New York; two hours Philadelphia; eight miles Lakewood. 6,241, Outlook.

WANTED for winter, near New York, pleasant home for old lady. Cheerful, attentive care. Every comfort. References required. 6,238, Outlook.

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THE LETTER AND THE SOLDIER

BY WILLIAM L. STIDGER

"I haven't had a letter in five months from home," a boy in a hospital said to me. He was lonely and discouraged. And right here may I say to the American people that there is no one thing that needs more constant urging than the plea that you write, write, write, to your soldier in France. He would rather have letters than candy or cigarettes, or presents of any kind, as much as he loves some of these material things. I have put it to a vote dozens of times, and the result is always the same—ten to one they would rather have a letter from home than a package of cigarettes or a box of candy. I have seen boys literally suffering pangs that were a thousand times worse than wounds because they did not receive letters from those at home.

"Nobody back there cares a damn about me! I haven't received a letter in five months!" a boy burst out in my presence in Nancy one night.

"Have you no mother or sister?"

"Yes, but they're careless; they always were about letter-writing."

I tried to fix up excuses for them, but it tested both my imagination and my enthusiasm to do it. I could put no real heart into making excuses for them, and so my words fell like lame birds to the ground, and the tragedy of it was that both of us knew there was no good excuse. It was the most pitiable case I saw in France. God pity the careless mother or sister or father or friend who isn't willing to take the time and make the sacrifice that is needed to supply a letter at least three times a week to the lad who is willing to sacrifice his all, if need be, that those at home may live in peace free from the horror of the Hun!

"Less sweaters
And more letters,"

might very well be the motto of the folks here at home, for the boys would profit more in the long run both in their bodies and in their souls. A censor friend of mine said to me one day: "If you ever get a chance when you go home to urge the people of America to write, and write, and write, to their boys, do it with all your heart. You could do no better service to the boys than that."

"What makes you feel so keenly about it?" I asked him, for he talked so earnestly that it surprised me. Ordinarily you think of the censor as utterly devoid of humanitarian impulses; just a sort of a machine to slice out the really interesting things in your letters; a great human blue pencil or a great human pair of scissors. But here was a censor that felt deeply what he was saying.

"I'll tell you," he replied. "It is because some of the letters that I read—those going back home from lonely boys begging somebody to write to them; literally begging somebody, anybody, to write—that it gets my goat; I can't stand it. I often feel like adding a sentence myself to some letters going home, telling them they ought to be ashamed the way they treat their boys about letter-writing; but the rules are stringent that I must neither add to nor take from a letter save in the line of my duties. I'd like to tell a few of the people back home what I think of them, and I'd like them to read some of the heartaches that I read in the letters of the boys. Then they'd understand how I feel about it."

I shall never forget my friend the wrestler when I asked how it was that he kept so clean, and he replied, "The letters help a lot."

I have seen boys suffering from wounds of every description. I have seen them lying in hospitals with broken backs. I have seen them with blinded eyes. I have seen them with legs gone and arms. I have seen them when the doctors were dressing their wounds. I remember one captain who had fifty wounds in his back, and he had them dressed without a single cry. I have seen them gassed and I have seen them shot to pieces with shell shock, and yet the worst suffering I have seen in France has been on the part of boys whose folks back home have neglected them; boys who day after day had seen the other fellows get their letters regularly; boys who had gone with hope in their hearts time after time for letters, and then had lost hope. This is real suffering, suffering that does more to knock the morale out of a lad than anything that I know in France.

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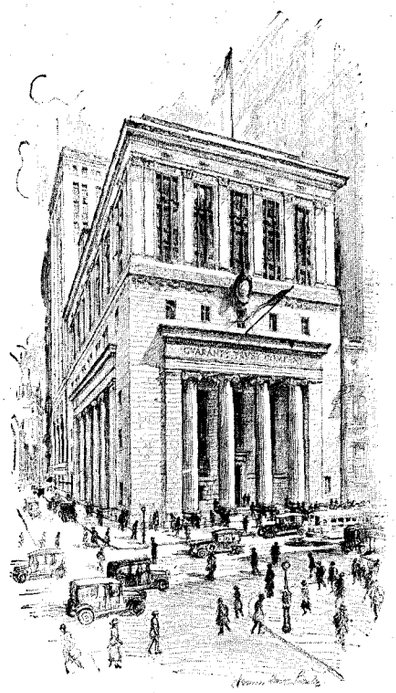

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DYING YOUNG

Mr. George A. Rood, of Cleveland, Ohio, writes us that the following lines by John Hay have greatly appealed to him, especially since the war, when he thinks of the multitude of young men who are "bartering dull age for immortality." We are glad to comply with this suggestion and print them herewith:

THANATOS ATHANOTOS

(*Deathless Death*)

BY JOHN HAY

At eve when the brief wintry day is sped
I muse beside my fire's faint-flickering glare,
Conscious of wrinkling face, and whitening hair—
Of those who, dying young, inherited
The immortal youthfulness of the early dead.
I think of Raphael's grand seigneurial air;
Of Shelley and Keats, with laurels fresh and fair
Shining unwithered on each sacred head;
And soldier boys who snatched death's starry prize
With sweet life radiant in their fearless eyes,
The dreams of love upon their beardless lips,
Bartering dull age for immortality;
Their memories hold in death's unyielding fee
The youth that thrilled them to the fingertips.

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BY THE WAY

Credit to whom credit is due: John Dillon, flagman, is largely responsible, says the "Safety Magazine of the New York Central Lines," for the fact that at Main Street crossing in Bloomington, Illinois, there has been no accident to any person during the past ten years. Seven tracks cross the street at this place, two of them being the main tracks of two different railways, and switching engines are at work there every day. In praise of John Dillon the Magazine says: "He has not the shanty habit. He displays the stop sign in the middle of the street and he holds it high."

"Nervous breakdown; debility. Get into the country; long walks; no alcohol," said the doctor, as reported in "Good Health." The patient sighed. "And," continued the doctor, "one cigar a day!" "Oh, doctor, not that," protested the sick man. "One cigar a day," reiterated the physician, inexorably. Six weeks later the patient returned to town. "How do you feel?" queried the doctor. "Splendid!" "And you liked it all?" "Everything but the one cigar." The doctor smiled. "The tobacco habit—" he began. "Isn't any joke," put in the patient, ruefully; "it is hard for a man at my time of life to take up smoking!"

Congress has been filmed in action. D. W. Griffith, maker of spectacular movies like "Hearts of the World," secured permission to photograph the House in session for a new war production which he is making to show the beneficent effect of the draft in making soldiers for liberty.

A curious foot-note to history is found in Simon Wolf's recently published "Presidents I Have Known." Mr. Wolf, a Washington lawyer, a loyal Unionist, and a friend of President Lincoln, was yet also acquainted with John Wilkes Booth and resembled him in appearance. He says concerning the assassination of Lincoln: "After the tragedy I was compelled to remain in my house until after Booth's capture, for unfortunately I resembled him very much in feature—so much so that Theodore Kaufman, the historical painter, asked me to sit for him for his famous painting of 'The Assassination of President Lincoln.'"

Here is an anecdote that Mr. Wolf tells about Andrew Johnson: He was told that if he attempted to speak in a certain Southern city he would be shot. Undaunted, he placed a large revolver on a table in front of him at the time he was to make his address, and said: "I am informed that I would be shot if I attempted to speak here. I am ready to be shot before I commence." There was dead silence, then tumultuous applause, and he made his speech without the slightest disturbance.

Besides being acquainted with several Presidents, Mr. Wolf met many celebrities during his career as a diplomatist. One of these was Arabi Pasha. Here is one of Arabi's stories: A sheik was speaking in the mosque, and said, "All of you who are afraid of your wives stand up." All stood up except one man. Afterwards the sheik went to this man and said, "Evidently you are not afraid of your wife." The man responded: "She gave me such a beating this morning that I was not able to stand up."

Hay fever is described in the "Journal of the American Medical Association" for August 17 as due to the inhalation of pollen from wind-pollinated plants, especially of the common ragweed. As this weed does not thrive at an altitude of 6,000 feet, localities at such altitudes afford relief. So, too, does an island that is kept free of weeds, and has no land nearer than five miles. In a list of hay fever resorts in the United States the largest number given are in North Carolina, owing to the many mountain resorts in that State that exceed the limit of 6,000 feet in altitude.

Here is a sermonette to farmers from the "Rural New Yorker." It begins with a text:

Unorganized agriculture is individually selling unappraised products to a well-informed body of buyers.

That is just what it is. The original American farmer came forward with a fine fur from some wild animal. Men like John Jacob Astor would buy it for a handful of powder and shot, a few beads, or a drink of rum. Yet when it turned up as a coat or cape for my lady's back in Paris or London it brought $1,000 or more. From that day to this the individual farmer has been selling "unappraised products" for about what the organized buyers and handlers will give him. . . . There is only one way out—organization. And the farmers must do this work themselves.

The problem of omnipresence has new difficulties for American children of to-day, who want to be "shown." The following dialogue justifies the statement:

Seven-year-old. Yes, Geoffrey, God is everywhere—in everything, in us, in everybody.

Four-year-old. How do you know that, brother?

Seven. Well, mother says so. [Pause.] It's a great puzzle. [Pause.]

Four. Is God in the Germans?

Seven (doubtfully). Ye-es, God is in the Germans. [Pause.]

Four (earnestly). I'll bet you don't know that, brother!

A good word for Noah's prescience as a ship-builder is found in an allusion to his Ark in "Nauticus." "It would not be a difficult task," says that journal, "to pick out of Lloyd's Register many ships built within the last twenty years whose dimensions suggest a form closely resembling that of Noah's Ark. According to the dimensions given in the Bible as translated in terms of modern measurement, the Ark was 480 feet long, 80 feet wide, and 48 feet deep. Her tonnage was 11,413, and she had plenty of room for pairs of all the distinct species of animals that are classed by Buffon—244—and she could have accommodated a thousand persons and then had plenty of room for the storage of supplies."

Some one will sometime probably make an amusing book out of the many absurd suggestions that have been made about the conduct of the war. One of these suggestions will be found in a novel called "Potterat and the War." One of its characters advises the shooting of shells filled with bees! When the shell strikes a German trench and the bees are liberated, he says, there will be an immediate skedaddle on the part of the Huns, for who could fight after being stung on the eyelid by an infuriated bee!

The Health Commissioner of Chicago believes in war bread. He says "it is no use kicking at having to eat bread made of barley, oatmeal, and buckwheat, when really the new article of food is as palatable as the bread of former years and if anything more nutritious." He suggests emulation of the old lady who, having but two teeth remaining, said, "But, thank God, they hit."

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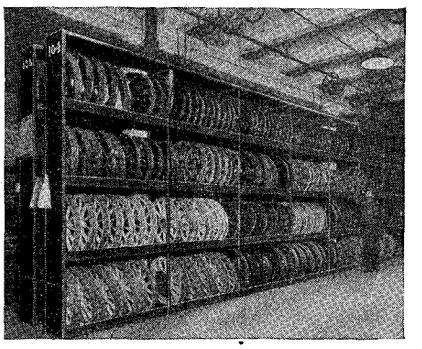

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